National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXII. NO. 46. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1862. WHOLE NO. 1,138.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,
AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,
AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
106 North-Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Selections.

CUT OUT THE CANCEROUS SPOT!

[Part of a very able Speech, made in the U. S. House of Representatives, March 6, 1862, by Hon. WILLIAM MORRIS DAVIS, of Pennsylvania.]

THE advocates of slavery are now engaged in the destruction of the government and the Constitution. They have proclaimed their independence, and have adopted a Constitution, the vital idea of which is the enslavement of labor, the subordination of the rights of man to the power of capital, or, in fulfilment of the avowal of Gov. H. V. Johnson, "that capital should own labor and the laborer." With this unholy purpose at heart, they have levied armies and waged war on the land. They have fitted and authorized privateers to ravage the seas by appeals to the avarice of the foreign trader, and temptations to European lust of dominion. They seek to involve us in a foreign war, and thus secure the disruption of the Union. They have inaugurated a reign of terror over the Union-loving citizens of the South. They have driven them from their homes, and have confiscated their lands and chattels and all properties. They have declared all residents of the loyal States aliens, and have sequestered their property as such. In violation of common honesty they have repudiated their private debts. They have introduced anarchy, misrule, violence, and bloody war within the Union, and made popular government a jeer and a byword in the mouth of the stranger. As deadly enemies they beleaguer the Capital. We legislate within sound of their cannon, and the honored seat which you occupy, Mr. Chairman, is barely beyond their rifle shot. The young men whom the nation has entrusted to our keeping lie in graves dug by an enemy's hands. The west wind is yet tainted with the blood of the battle-field. The Potomac is closed by the leaguers, and three hundred thousand lives are now the rampart between our homes and the myrmidons of slavery.

In this state of affairs I feel released from all past obligations, and am free to regard slavery as the cancerous spot on the vitals of the body-politic—to be treated with knife and cautery, actual and potential. "For if we meet this dreadful and portentous evil with poor common-place proceedings, with trivial maxims and paltry old saws, with doubts, fears and misgivings, down we go to the bottom of the abyss, and nothing short of Omnipotence can save us." Yet, sir, gentlemen on the Democratic side of the House and the pro-slavery side of this question, insist, *on this floor*, in State Legislatures, in public discussion, through the press, by correspondence, and in conversation, at all times, in all places, in season and out of season, sentiments and views of policy as expressed in the following preamble to resolutions of the Legislature of Maryland, January 2, 1861:

"The General Assembly of Maryland have seen with concern certain indications at the seat of the General government of an interference with the institution of slavery in the slaveholding States, and cannot hesitate to express their sentiments and those of the people they represent in regard to a policy so unwise and mischievous. This war is prosecuted by the nation with but one object, that, namely, of a restoration of the Union *just as it was* when the rebellion broke out. The rebellious States are to be brought back to their places in the Union without change or diminution of their constitutional rights. In the language of the resolution adopted by both Houses of Congress at its extra session in July last with remarkable unanimity, this war is declared to be prosecuted not 'in any spirit of oppression, or for any purpose of conquest or subjugation, or purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of those States, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution, and to preserve the Union, with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several States unimpaired; and that as soon as these objects are accomplished the war ought to cease.'"

Can this be? Is it, in the nature of things, possible? In my opinion, clearly and emphatically, no. Which party, red-handed from the war, with the triumph upon the one hand and the bitterness of defeat rankling in the hearts of the other, will ever consent to return again to the hollow shams, tricks, deceptions, and compromises which have ultimated in this unholy war?

Will the Northern working man again permit the Southern slaveholder and the Breckinridge Democrat to strike hands in conspiracy against his rights? Will the Southern slaveholder again trust the Northern Democrat who betrayed him into his present deadly peril, by promises of Northern aid to put down any attempt at coercion, illustrated by the following precious morsel, cut from a South Carolina paper?

BELLEFONTE, Pa., Nov. 24, 1860.

DEAR SIR: I understand that Col. James S. Brisbin, of this place, has offered his services, with some "five hundred Wide-Awakes," to Gov. Letcher, for the purpose of forcing the people of Virginia into measures, should they secede. I have expected this, and I now offer my services, with "one thousand men," who can be organized within ten days, to repel any attack that may be made by those men, or any other force from the Northern States.

I have been through the neighboring counties, and the young men of the Democratic party are anxious for them to make the first move. If they do so, I pledge you my word of honor as a gentleman and a soldier, they will never have to leave their own State to find an enemy.

If you accept my offer, you will please let me hear from you.

I am, truly,

Hon. HENRY A. WISE, Richmond, Va.

Will the Northern Democrat ever trust the Southern slaveholder who so ruthlessly broke up the party, and handed them over to the tender mercies of the Black Republicans? The Democratic party was founded to defend the rights of man against the pretensions of property; and on this it grew into power.

Will the Democratic masses of the North consent to a reconstruction on the basis of the right of capital to own labor, or will they uphold a party existing exclusively as the defender and glorifier of the right of property in negroes?

How long will it be before the merchant and manufacturer or the farmer of the North can again give credit to those chivalric slaveholders who have repudiated their obligations, and cheated their creditors of unknown millions? When again will the Northern mechanic expose himself to the dangers of a residence in a slaveholding community? When, and how, can these wounds be healed? Do the advocates of slavery mean, by the restoration of the old order of things, that Twiggs shall return upon the Army Register as Brigadier-General United States Army? If so, is he to outrank the gallant Grant? Shall Mason again scowl in the Senate, and crack his whip over the representatives of the North; with Floyd, that thief, sneaking and mousing through every department of the government for opportunity to betray it, professing obedience to its behests with his lips, while plotting its destruction—in a word, do they mean, with this expenditure of blood and treasure, simply to restore lost power to the leaders of a pro-slavery Democracy?

Sir, I have a higher hope. I believe that when we emerge from this war—decimated and impoverished though we may be—freedom will have a higher signification, and liberty will not be a word without meaning. From this time and forever you will ask in vain of the Northern man to submit to the contemptuous pretensions of the imperious Southerner to acknowledge the lordly rule of an aristocracy, based on the *ownership* of a slave, whose title-deed of nobility is dated from some noisome slave-pen, and attested by the sign-manual of the slave-trader. No, sir, it cannot be; no possible consequences of this war can reconcile the people to return to the *wallow* of the past; they will never consent to allow slavery again to become a controlling power in the government. Let us be honest with each other, and speak the thought that is in our hearts. Then, if gentlemen from Kentucky, Virginia, Maryland, or Missouri, find it harder than they can bear; if they regard slavery as higher and holier than freedom; if they hold their rights to this property as more sacred than country; if they can offer on the altar of the Union, life, fortune, and sacred honor, reserving slavery as beyond and above all these; then let them turn the bitterness of their hearts and the phials of their wrath against the bad men, who, urged by a worse system, have precipitated this conflict between freedom and slavery—and not against us, who but accept a stern necessity. Let us say to them, the opportunity to strike at this great evil of slavery, which our fathers longed and prayed for, is at length granted to the children, and we must not forego it, or God may abandon us.

"Once, to every man and nation, comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light."

Let them know plainly and honestly that, as we have in the past been true to the compromises of the Constitution in favor of slavery, we now feel ourselves absolved therefrom by the acts of the slaveholder.

And now that we are forced into a life and death struggle with this ugly fiend, and been drawn into the final contest with these traitors to the glorious heritage of the Revolution, we do regard the armed champions of slavery as foes to God and humanity, [illegible] of the [illegible] against both. They have whetted a sword against their own peace, and we must use it to their overthrow, and man's salvation; they have staked their lives against our lives, and we meet them with our lives in our hands; they have prepared a destruction against us, and we must return it upon them; they gloried in the belief that every Northern man's hand would be on his neighbor's throat through their machinations. So they must not wimper and cry if we arm such hands in the South as may rise to strike for the Union and freedom. Nor do they who are in the field against us complain of anything which we may propose to do. As men, they accept the brunt of the battle, the losses and privations of the war, the risks of insurrections, or our forced emancipation of their slaves. They accept all the danger and the death consequent on their course; and, so far as I have heard, laugh our threat to scorn, and defy us to do our best or worst.

Yet, gentlemen on the other side of the House would have us believe, should we dare to touch this "sacred property," the inevitable result will be the disbandment of our armies, and the withdrawal of the Democratic element of our country from the contest. Day by day we are gravely told that any departure from the original issues involved in the controversy are to lead to these direful results. The gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Wright) has clearly shown his lack of faith in the conscience, virtue, and intelligence of our people, by declaring that to do justice to the laborers of the South, that to recognize the truth that "he who delves the soil has a just claim to its fruits," that to act up to the Gospel maxim, "the laborer is worthy of his hire," that to pay a fair day's wages for a fair day's work to these dark children of toil, is to scatter this grand army of working-men; that to inscribe freedom on the banner consecrated to freedom is to disband an army of freemen; that to institute the marriage relation (impossible in slavery), to teach these four million of "illiterate and half barbarous people" the honored names of husband and wife, parent and child, is to cause the hundreds of thousands of loyal, loving husbands, noble fathers, and heroic sons to forget their oaths of service, and to throw down their arms in the face of insolent rebellion; trail the stars and stripes before the rattlesnake emblem of South Carolina; to allow their country to perish, and themselves to become the scorn of true womanhood the world over. Or, if we reach from our high estate of freedom and intelligence, and take these wronged men in our strong right hand, and teach them that they are men, or give them homes in this world, and a hope of life immortal in the next, then the gentleman from Pennsylvania ventures to say that the army of one hundred thousand men which Pennsylvania has put in the field would become less formidable than the contemptible company of men that Falstaff was ashamed to march through Coventry to the battle of Shrewsbury." Or the gentleman from New York, conjuring up the horrible phantom which so many children and Southern statesmen have been affrighted at, says:

"It is my firm belief that if abolitionism should rule the day, this war would become one of extermination and death all over the country; that 'the blackness of darkness' would overshadow the land, and the sun of liberty go down in blood, thereby extinguishing the hopes of freemen for a republican government, and obliterating all reasonable grounds for expecting the permanent sovereignty of the people."

Now, Mr. Chairman, I for one do not believe any such thing. I have lived close to the people of my country, and I believe that the great American people, Democrats and Republicans, "love freedom more than slavery, free institutions more than slave institutions, the old starry flag always and forever above the broad-striped rag that now insults the manhood and brings the blush of shame to the womanhood of the nation." Their logic is short and terribly direct. "Slavery is at war with us, and slavery *must* die." The death knell of slavery was in the echoes of the first gun at Sumter. Slavery pointed that gun, and fired it against freedom and our flag. Then the sons of freedom and the lovers of that flag rose *en masse* as a man; the men of the North roused to the rescue; instinctively the people sought out their old leaders and *made them* do reverence to the old banner of the Revolution, and the stars and stripes floated from every house. Demagogues who had cheated the masses, in fear and trembling at the terrific outburst of patriotic indignation, ran to and fro to borrow the flag they had laughed at, and their white lips did unusual reverence to the Union they had conspired against.

This outburst of patriotism served for a time to hush the treason that, with blatant threat, promised to carry Pennsylvania with the Southern confederacy. The cry went forth that the Capital was endangered, and the axe was dropped in its cut, the iron in the fire, the shuttle half across the woof, the plow in the furrow, the day-book left unbalanced, as the woodman, the smith, and weaver, the farmer, clerk, and lawyer, the tired son of toil, the idle child of luxury, the schoolmaster and his scholar, the learned judge, preachers and dignitaries, high and low, none too high, none too low, hurried to respond to the insult and the challenge. And here we stand to-day, face to face with the fell spirit that pulled down that flag amid fire and blood, which drove the brave Anderson, and the gallant and true Doubleday and Foster from the walls of Sumter. That story revealed to an astonished world the inherent loyalty of our people to the spirit of the institutions transmitted from their fathers. Would it not be well for gentlemen to take heed in the dangerous game they are playing, by striving to block the way to victory, in withholding supplies, in paralyzing the loyal endeavors of the true-hearted by teaching this miserable heresy of a conditional loyalty.

But should these teachers of half truths, of half-way loyalty to our flag and country, aided by pro-slavery army officers, succeed in arraying this army against such policy as may be deemed necessary to the salvation of the country—well, what then? Will the nation die because these false sons fail it in its hour of need? Are the people to be subdued by a treason not altogether unanticipated? Shall liberty return to heaven, from whence it came, and shall free institutions perish on earth because Democracy still chooses to follow the lead of the false-hearted Breckinridge? No, sir; chafing and impatient, fierce and almost bloodthirsty, stands this nation, looking with damnation on each doubter, and bitter contempt on every feebleness, and should our present great preparation fail us utterly, and our commanders prove incompetent or disloyal, still would I know that the Lord liveth, and these United States are to endure.

"CONCEALMENT OF SLAVES."

WHY, good Gen. Halleck, that is an impossibility. Your general orders might be very true in the twelfth century, but they are misdated 1862. There can be no "concealment" of slaves now, in camp or anywhere else. We might as well talk of concealing the Mississippi river, the Aurora Borealis, or the "Sovran Blanc." The slave is standing on the top of the sun and all the universe is looking at him. He is the Crisis, too large to be put under a bushel. It does not require a microscope to see him. He is of very large, even formidable proportions; and he stands so high, and casts a shadow so black, that the sun of peace cannot shine on any part of America, while he uplifts his terrible form. Generals may talk of concealing, and politicians of ignoring, and casuists of compromising; but a gigantic wrong has no place of concealment in heaven or earth, or under the earth. A man might take a dose of strychnine into his stomach, and sit quiet under it, as easily as a nation embody in its texture a perpetual system of human bondage, and hope to be at ease. Enceladus, though buried under mountains, can shake the continent when he turns over. The order, therefore, is superfluous. There can be no concealment of slaves in America in 1862. Men and angels and Christ and God are looking straight at them. The dismal swamps and the everglades and the bayous are all illuminated. The rebellion conflagration has lighted up a whole continent, so that without the light of sun or moon or stars, we can see the kneeling slave, and read the fiery legend written over him in the heart's blood of the martyrs of the second war of Independence—the Winthrops, the Ellsworths, the Grebles, the Bakers, the Putnams, the Brittans, the Hodges—"Am not I also a man and a brother?"—*Christian Inquirer*.

THE BLACK REFUGEES.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

HILLSBOROUGH, Loudon Co., Va., March 11, 1861.

FORTY or fifty contrabands come into Leesburg daily. Nineteen-twentieths of them have worked months on the enemy's entrenchments, a portion having stolen themselves from rebels in the neighborhood, and many from officers whom they have been campaigning with in the Confederate service, in a few cases actually carrying muskets. As near as I can ascertain, the disposition made of them by our authorities is—none at all. Two who had just come in I heard catechised. They had belonged to the colonel of a Mississippi regiment, at one time stationed at Leesburg. Here is the gist of the conversation from my memoranda at the time:

"Why did you leave him?"

"Well, sah, fust place me thinks me'd stay wid 'im long's 'ed go Norf, but me wasn't gwyne Souf wid him."

"Didn't he treat you well?"

"No, sah, he was mity hard on us, he treated us ontirely too onexpected"—(whatever that may be.)

"Well, what did you come here for?"

(Straightening up as though playing a trump card.) "We're here, sah, to repote for *work*."

"Did you drill and help fight with your master?"

"Dars just whar we and him fall out; he wanted us to fight, and we couldn't bore it."

Correspondence of The World.

WASHINGTON, March 18, 1862.

I have just returned from Manassas, having accompanied Gen. Stoneman's reconnoissance to Catlett's Station, twelve miles beyond the now deserted and desolated rebel strongholds.

The "contrabands" form an item which is certainly not among the least interesting. I saw, during my absence, hundreds—I think I could truthfully say thousands—of both sexes and all ages, bound toward Washington. I talked to many of the negroes, and I must say, in all justice, that they are decidedly the most intelligent and best informed residents I found in Virginia, and they certainly conveyed valuable information, making due allowance for the extravagance and superstition of their race. A party came into Manassas early Friday morning. They came "all de way from way down mos' to Elkton, 'bout thirty mile," the spokesman said. They were chased once by the rebel scouts and a part of their company captured and carried back. This remnant arrived near Manassas on the second night out, but did not venture into camp till daylight. "Because," the leader said, "ye see we didn't know whar ye was at, and we s'posed mebby *our* soldiers was here—or what *was* 'ourn' yesterday. 'N' then it got light, 'n we seen the old flag flying, 'n we come right in, for we know'd it was all right!" And the speaker hopped up and uttered a chuckle of triumph, to express his joy. A flock of nearly a hundred were stopped by Bull Run, the water being too high to admit of crossing. Every one had a package of motley contents slung across his shoulders, but beyond this, true to the improvidence which they have been taught by slavery, they "took no thought for the morrow," but were jolly and full of song, only thinking of the "land of Canaan" ahead. I overtook another band of fifteen near Fairfax Court House, and spoke to them. They came from "beyond Upperville a good piece," they told me. They, with two hundred other chattels, belonged to a widow lady who had a large plantation, and they concluded to work for themselves a little. Ten of these were men and boys, three were women, and two babes. All the men on the plantation except these ten had been "taken off down South" to work in the rebel army, on fortifications, as teamsters, etc. I asked if they had heard of Lincoln. One of the men said they "hadn't heard nuffin else hardly on'y about Linkin's army." In reply to a question as to how the blacks liked him, he said, "I dunno; if dey tinks as I do, dey tinks he's one of de greatest men alive in de world!" I asked what he thought the war was about. He replied, without hesitation: "I 'spose its to make ebery man earn dere own feed by de swet ob dere own brow!" But there was a perceptible difference of opinion on this question. One or two feared they would be sent back, and questioned me suspiciously as to their *status*. When they left the plantation, they said, they *brought away three hundred sheep, and tried to drive them before them into the Union army*. They were chased by the rebel cavalry, and had to take to the woods and give up the sheep. They were fired at three times, but pressed on and found our lines in safety. I also questioned two other men whom I overtook. They represented that they started from Fauquier County with nearly twenty others, hiding in the woods by day and travelling by night, but that eight or ten men and women were captured by the rebel cavalry, and the others had been unable to cross the swollen streams. They said *all* the slaves would come away if they could get away. Many women have brought, through all the perils of the escape, young babes in their arms; and the exodus from the "house of bondage" is marvellous. "What shall be done with them? and how shall they be cared for?" are the very practical questions that challenge attention and solution now.

The Leavenworth correspondence of the Boston *Journal*, under date March 5th, speaking of the "great irruption of contrabands in Kansas," says:

"The condition of the freed blacks of the slave States naturally attracts much attention. I see efforts are making at the East to relieve those at Port Royal. It is trusted they will be eminently successful. But let me say a word or two here in relation to this case in Kansas. We cannot have less than 6,000 colored people in our State, at least 5,000 of whom have come here since the rebellion broke out. Gen. Lane brought out over 2,500; Gen. Jennison over 1,000 (he would have had more but Lane had been over the ground once), and the remainder have crossed the border and river in squads and singly for months past. 'God's Bridge,' as they quaintly call the ice, has allowed of a rapid and continuous exodus for some weeks past.

"In Leavenworth there cannot be less than fifteen hundred. In Lawrence nearly a thousand. In Osawatomie several hundred, and in Linn and Bourbon as many as at Leavenworth. Probably four or five hundred are employed as teamsters, servants, etc., in the various regiments. The remainder are scattered over the State. The large portion earn but a precarious living by odd jobs, such as are commonly performed by them. They congregate in the towns by an instinct of self-preservation which leads them naturally to mass together. In this they commit a grave error, which which will be productive of [illegible]. Our farming districts and interior towns are anti-slavery. Our border towns are an epitome of the West—selfish, prejudiced, materialistic and atheistic. Kansas will deal liberally in her legislation with this class, far more so than will any other Western State. But unless this desirable end is to be set back, they must be scattered throughout the State among the farming population, where their labor is wanted and where they may become useful.

"But the most pressing work and need is the providing for the temporary wants of the hundreds of poor people who are continually arriving, without means, hungry and almost naked. Last night thirty crossed at this point. Every night from ten to fifty arrive. At other places they also come, though not in so large number. What's to be done? Those who interest themselves have long since exhausted their own scanty means. Every hovel and shanty in town is full to suffocation, and the rarest and most precious exhibitions of charity come from their poor brethren who are but one remove from the same abject condition."

LAWRENCE, Feb. 22 1862.

WE have had in our city some three hundred contrabands, released from slavery by our troops in Missouri. They have, thus far, done very well; earned their own living, and conducted themselves with propriety. They have a school in the evening, to which a great number, old and young, male and female, resort to receive instruction. They are making good progress in reading, writing and arithmetic. I am sorry to say that some of the thoughtless boys in our First Kansas Regiment, which is now stationed here, have behaved rudely towards this inoffensive people—thrusting them from the side-walk, driving them from the public places of resort, and annoying them in various unpleasant ways. It is wonderful to look upon the strength of prejudice which exists against this long-suffering African race. How long will it take Christianity, which inculcates love and good-will to all, to eradicate this demon-like spirit, which seeks to lord it over a weak and submissive race? If there is one sin which Christianity positively and severely rebukes, it is this same lust of power and dominion over others. It shows itself most offensively in a portion—small, I would hope—of the soldiers now stationed here. They cannot avoid tyrannizing over somebody. These emancipated slaves are weak and comparatively friendless, and they think it safe to persecute and maltreat them. It arouses my deepest indignation to see these poor negroes thus trod upon. I can hardly keep my hands off these miserable tyrants, who glory in their shame. But the good God is patient and forbearing, and these fellows know not what they do. We must pity and forgive them; not only so, we must teach them, must show them that there is a better way.—*Christian Inquirer*.

FIDELITY OF A CONTRABAND.

From The Missouri Democrat.

A Union man named Smith has resided about six miles from Fayettville, Arkansas, the owner of a tract of 600 acres of land, with comfortable dwelling, stock, etc. Obnoxious to the secessionists, his property was plundered by their foraging and other parties during the winter, his place being about a mile from McCulloch's headquarters. The family consisted of Mr. Smith, his wife, and child, his mother-in-law, and also a brother-in-law, James Watkins and wife, married less than a year ago. Beside these, Charley, the slave of Mr. Smith.

Upon news of the approach of Curtis's forces to Springfield, the secessionists began pursuing all the Union men to hang them, and Smith and Watkins fled, hoping to make their way to some of the Union camps. The women thus left, in fear of outrage and torture on their husbands' account—if not death—left their home on the night of the 8th of February, with Charley as their guide and protector, leaving the aged mother and child, who were unable to move. On foot they wended their way, sleeping what they did sleep in the open air, upon such straw or litter as Charley could gather for them, and covered by the single blanket which he carried, and subsisting upon the food which he carried in a pair of saddle-bags. He would have been seized as marketable property belonging to a Union man, and the women regarded their own jeopardy as something more than that of their lives, if met or caught by the secessionists. They travelled, he thinks, about eight miles the first day (the women being feeble and one of them in a delicate situation), fording creeks, and avoiding the travelled roads. On one occasion crossing a creek upon a log, one of the ladies fell in, and was with difficulty extricated by Charley, who, as he said, "cooned it on de log," so that his mistress got hold of him, and when she reached the bank he pulled her out. Thus for nearly a week, foot-sore and with short and painful journeys, having no shelter, and not seeing a fire, subsisting on the scant provision which Charley carried, they slowly made their way until they first met the advance guard of the Union forces at Mudtown. Here the ladies were at once cared for by the Colonel, while Charley was taken some miles on horseback to "Mr. Sigel," who examined him at great length, comparing his stories with his own maps of the country. He was satisfied of Charley's truthfulness and gave him a pass for himself and the two ladies.

From this point conveyance was given them to [illegible], and they arrived in St. Louis, on Friday night, by rail—the faithful Charley still their servant, protector and friend. He exhibited the various passes furnished him. He speaks of them with the utmost affection. "*I brought dem children up*," said he, though not more than 37 years old himself.

Whether Messrs. Smith and Hopkins made their escape or not, the ladies do not know. One of them fled from his house in his shirt sleeves, and no intelligence has been received from them.

Charley is a preacher, he says, and seems intelligent for his condition, and manly in his bearing. His wife, belonging to another master, was sold off into Louisiana some months ago, when they began to rush the slaves off from that section in consequence of the troubles.

Charley is anxious now to get into Illinois, where he can find work to support these two ladies. Says he is stout, and has a good trade; "can lay brick or rock, or work on de farm, and airn enough to keep them." They are staying at the Refuge Home, on Elm street. Charley's narrative is artless and exceedingly interesting. Speaking of Mr. Smith, in answer to a question, he said: "He was a good master, but I don't know whether he is alive or dead now." The noble friendship, and almost heroic devotion of this slave to that family deserves the respect of all right-minded persons, though he manifested not the least consciousness of any special merit.

FUGITIVES ONCE MORE.

WE find the following statement in the Louisville *Journal:*

"Twenty-five negroes who had been seized by the rebels and taken by their masters from the vicinity of Bowling Green, were recovered at Nashville, and returned to their masters on Saturday."

A worse story comes to us from the West. Gen. Halleck, who is doing a good work in the way of thrashing the enemy, seems to persist in thrashing the blacks as well, refusing them any opportunity to show themselves as our friends. The Columbia (Missouri) *Statesman* publishes the following statements:

"Our immediate community will remember that on Monday, the 10th inst., three regiments of Federal infantry, consisting of about 2,500 men, with a baggage train of 130 waggons, passed through this place on their way from Booneville to St. Louis. Learning on the day after this column passed, that several negro men had joined it on the march, evidently with the view of making their escape, and being assured also that some of the soldiers as they encountered slaves along the road had endeavored to entice them away, and *that some of the officers afforded their owners no opportunity or facilities for their recovery*, *we immediately* [illegible] *Gen. Halleck a letter on the subject, stating that the* [illegible] *were not only wrong in principle, but damaging in their effects upon the Union cause*, and suggesting that he issue a general order for an inspection of all troops for the discovery of fugitive slaves, and for a more rigid enforcement of the order heretofore made to military commanders not to allow slaves to enter their lines and to exclude all who had entered. This letter was dated the 11th instant.

"On the next day Gen. Halleck replied as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI, St. Louis, February 12, 1862.

"WILLIAM F. SWITZLER, *Esq., Columbia, Mo.:*

"SIR: Your note of the 11th is just received. *I shall adopt your suggestion. I am determined to put an end to such things.* Every regiment will be examined as it reaches St. Charles, and all fugitives turned out. I will also arrest every officer who permits his men to violate order No. 3. I have a Colonel now in the military prison in this city under charges for stealing horses and negroes. It takes time to restore order and discipline in this department; but it will be done. All marauders will be punished as soon as I can prove it on them.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"H. W. HALLECK, Major-General."

We submit that, apart from all considerations of humanity, Gen. Halleck makes a great mistake in adopting the course indicated in this letter. It has already been proved that much valuable information concerning the movements of the enemy, freely tendered by these fugitives, has been serviceable to us, and that the rejection of such news by other officers has resulted in serious discomfitures. Besides, the so-called contrabands *will* escape, and if Halleck rejects them, they will find their welcome elsewhere. If the precedent thus set in the Western Department is justifiable, then there is an end of the missionary effort among the blacks at Port Royal and Fortress Monroe. What is law at these points should be law for Halleck.—*Evening Post.*

Correspondence of The Cincinnati Gazette.

ON THE CUMBERLAND, March 10, 1862.

Gen. Halleck's order to exclude fugitive slaves from our lines, as the reader is doubtless aware, has been lately reiterated. To the credit of our soldiers recently at Fort Donelson, however, be it said that no attention seemed to be paid to the order. They had a little higher law among themselves, and acted upon it. Nine contrabands in one drove came in while I was there; and scarcely a day passed without the arrival of one or more, who experienced no difficulty in getting through the lines. I hope that the same disregard of it prevails in other divisions, as well as in Gen. Buell's Department, for, if I am not mistaken, it is sought to be practically enforced, though not publicly announced, in his also. The edict of no General binds any man to recognize such a rule and the soldier's sense of justice is too strong to allow him to be made the instrument of its execution.

A large number of these fugitives are deterred from coming in by a knowledge of the existence of this order. Thus not only is a great deal of valuable information concerning the enemy excluded (for they have constituted our chief and most trustworthy source of such information), but those slaves desiring to avail themselves of the right to which they are entitled by forfeiture under all military laws, as well as the laws of Congress, are deprived of the opportunity of doing so. The order is therefore as inhuman as it is impolitic; for, with the exception of Port Royal, the number of slaves escaping into our lines when no such order existed, has never been so great as to render them burdensome, and there has at all times been ample employment for as many as would be likely under the most favorable circumstances to come. Furthermore, the slaves are so well posted that only those of rebels as a general thing attempt to escape. The pretext that they may act as spies is a miserable dodge; for such is rarely if ever the case, and, if it were, they could easily be sent to points where no information they could obtain would be of value.

It is proper to add that no restitution of a fugitive from beyond our lines, so far as I know, is made when once within them, either to a Union man or secessionist, the theory being that he comes from a locality in insurrection, and the law not being operative outside of the ground we cover. If, however, his master is a Union man and lives *within* the lines, he can come and take him, but without assistance from the military authorities.

While I was at the Fort, the neighbor of a sick rebel living about 40 miles off came to reclaim a slave of the latter, as well as a horse which the contraband, being lame, had appropriated for the purpose of accelerating his speed, alleging in excuse that he thought he had worked long enough for his master to "pay for de hoss." Collaring "Bill," as he called him, and informing him that he was going to take either him or his scalp, the Doctor (for he was a physician) led him to Gen. Grant's quarters, "Bill" meanwhile lustily protesting that he could not be taken back, "for his mass'r was a rebel, and de Doctor knew it and wouldn't deny it; besides, de law didn't reach dar." "Bill" understood himself. The Doctor didn't deny the fact, and couldn't have taken him without his voluntary consent if he had. Gen. Grant said he could do nothing for him, either as to the chattel or horse. So the chopfallen Doctor relaxed his grasp, remarking to the bystanders that "Bill" "would bear watching," for he was the most rascally nigger he ever knew"—an imputation upon his personal honor which "Bill" saw fit to treat with lofty disdain; and, as he limped triumphantly out, remarked to some of the spectators, "he didn't make nuffin out of me, did he? I knows what I'm about."

The last I saw of "Bill" he was exultingly relating his success and the Doctor's discomfiture to an intensely interested circle of his fellow-contrabands.

As I was strolling around the outside works the evening before I left, I met a negro riding home a mule which he said had strayed off from his master's house, two or three miles distant. Accosting me in a most deferential manner, the following conversation, as near as I can recollect, ensued:

"Mas'r, whar do you live?"

"Cincinnati."

"Can't you git me a passport to go dar?"

"A passport—you mean a pass, don't you?"

"Yes, de paper what you hab to show de guard."

"Why, what do you want with a pass?"

"I wants to leab, and I'll work for any gemman all my life for nuffin what'll git me away."

"Well, why don't you run away? You're free as soon as you come within our lines, and you're within them now."

"Yes; but mas'r lib inside de lines, too, and he can come and take me!"

"But isn't he a rebel?"

"Yes, he big a rebel as dey is in de State, for I hear him say so many a time; but den he pretend to de officers here to be a Union man, and dey tink he is."

The shrewd contraband understood his case thoroughly. His master lived within our lines, and claiming to be a Union man, and no tangible proof existing against him, our aspirant for freedom knew that he would be immediately retaken. So he was watching his chance to get off on a boat before he would be missed; and in hopes of meeting some stranger who could obtain the desired pass for him, and take him along as a servant, I have no doubt *he was allowing that mule to escape every day so as to furnish himself the opportunity of prospecting for his own liberty, unsuspected while hunting the mule.*

It being out of my power to obtain for him what he desired, I gave him the best advice I could as to the most feasible mode of accomplishing his purpose, which he received very thankfully, and left saying he intended to make the trial.

A BIT OF HISTORY—THE SECESSION PLOT.

AMONG the rebel documents found by our forces at Fernandina was the following letter from Yulee, of Florida, late United States Senator, giving the results of the conference of Southern Senators which was held at Washington on the 6th of January, 1861:

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR: On the other side is a copy of resolutions adopted at a consultation of the Senators from the seceding States—in which Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas, Mississippi and Florida were present.

The idea of the meeting was that the States should go out at once, and provide for the early organization of a Confederate government, not later than 15th February. This time is allowed to enable Louisiana and Texas to participate. It seemed to be the opinion that if we left here, force, loan, and volunteer bills might be passed, which would put Mr. Lincoln in immediate condition for hostilities—*whereas by remaining in our places until the 4th of March it is thought that we can keep the hands of Mr. Buchanan tied, and disable the Republicans from effecting any legislation which will strengthen the hands of the incoming Administration.*

The resolutions will be sent by the delegation to the president of the convention. I have not been able to find Mr. Mallory this morning. Hawkins [the member from Florida] is in Connecticut. I have therefore thought it best to send you this copy of the resolutions. In haste,

Yours truly, D. L. YULEE.

Joseph Finegan, Esq. ("Sovereignty Conference"), Tallahasse, Fla.

The resolutions referred to in this letter read as follows:

"Resolved 1. That in our opinion each of the Southern States should, as soon as may be, *secede from the Union.*

"Resolved 2. That provision should be made for a Convention to *organize a Confederacy of the seceding States*, the Convention to meet no later than the 15th of February, at the city of Montgomery, in the State of Alabama.

"Resolved, That in view of the hostile legislation that is threatened against the seceding States, and which may be consummated before the 4th of March, we ask instructions *whether the delegations are to remain in Congress until that date, for the purpose of defeating such legislation.*

"Resolved, That a committee be and are hereby appointed, consisting of Messrs. Davis, Slidell and Mallory, to carry out the objects of this meeting."

THE WAR AS AN EDUCATOR.

[Frances D. Gage, of Columbus, O., tells the following story in *The Liberator*.]

A FEW days since, I listened to a speech from a Southern Ohio Colonel, right from Gouley, Va. He had left his regiment, and was home recruiting. He had been an old "stump speaker," as we call the politicians of the West. "Two years ago," said he, "as you all remember, I used to make speeches, and often in this hall, too, for Stephen A. Douglas; and I took great pains to make you believe, for I believed it myself, that the negro was not a man, only a sort of superior beast, or ourang outang, or something like that. But I tell you, boys, I have changed my mind. If you had been with me in Virginia, you would have been taught better, as I have been, and learned to know he was a man, and his freedom as well worth fighting for as yours or mine. Yes, sir, we were all mistaken. It's not the negro that can't take care of himself, it's the master that can't live without him (cheers). Cheer away! I am telling you facts, and I ask you to join our company and march with us to the battle-field, and when we have conquered these hard-hearted rebels, and unchained every slave, we shall only have atoned for the wrong we did as politicians in the days gone by." And this man was born in Kentucky (though brought up in Ohio by pro-slavery parents), and was making this speech to an audience sadly pro-slavery in sentiment and feeling before the war. Let us take heart! This war acts like a long and well kept up Protracted Meeting, and is daily bringing the hardened sinners to the anxious seat; the conviction is deep, and if the meeting is only kept up long enough, we may hope for thorough conversions.

THE SOBER SECOND THOUGHT.

[The letter of which extracts are given below was picked upon the Pea Ridge battle-field, where it was dropped in the confusion of a precipitate retreat. It was from a Louisiana Major to his sister, and dated Little Rock, Arkansas, Feb. 22.]

DEAR SISTER CARRIE: You asked me in your last letter what I thought of the prospect of our dearly beloved cause. To be candid, I have little hope for its success now, though last December I felt confident we would be recognized before the coming June. I don't like the Yankees a bit; I have been educated to hate them, and I do hate them heartily; but I must acknowledge the South has been sadly mistaken in their character. We have always believed that the Yankees would not fight for anything like a principle; that they had no chivalry, no poetry in their nature. Perhaps they have not; but that they are brave, determined, persevering, they have proved beyond question. . . .

The trouble with them is that they never get tired of anything. They lost all the battles at first, and after Manassas we despised them. This year has inaugurated a new order of affairs. We are beaten at all points. We do nothing but surrender and evacuate; and while I hate the Lincolnites more than ever, I respect them—I can't help it—for their dogged obstinacy and the slow but steady manner in which they carry out their plans.

I have lost heart in our cause. There is something wrong—somewhere. Jeff Davis and our political leaders are either knaves or fools. They drew us into our present difficulties, and now have no way of showing us out of them.

If the South had known what would have been the result of secession, no State, unless South Carolina, would have gone out of the Union. We all thought we could go out in peace; I know I did, and laughed at the idea of the North attempting to keep us in the Union by force of arms. It was not possible, we said. We had too many friends in the free States. Such a step would be followed by a revolution in the North, and the turning of old Lincoln and all the Abolitionists out of office.

Oh, well, it can't be helped, Carrie. We are in for it. It is too late to retreat. We must fight the thing out. . . . I cannot help believing we will be overpowered. We are growing weaker every day, and the North stronger. I fear to look at our future. We can't be subjugated, we all say. I hope not; but if we do not fly the country, I fear we will experience something like subjugation. . . . . .

May be I'm gloomy to-day; I reckon I am. Who wouldn't be? I intend to fight as hard as I can, but I can't see my way out. . . . Tear up this letter. Don't let mother or father or any of our relatives see it. I have expressed my heart to you because you are my dear sister, and I always tell you what I believe.

SOUTHERN LOYALTY.

IT is not the ultra, intolerant, "sectional," fanatical *Tribune*, but the moderate, conservative, easy-going *Times*, that publishes the following from its Roanoke Island (N. C.) correspondent, who writes as follows:

"The discovery has been made that there is not a latent secessionist on this island, nor anywhere in this part of the State. Shad sell readily four for a dollar, and sweet potatoes, which the North Carolina regiments had no difficulty in buying at 50 cents a bushel, have suddenly risen to $1 50, and are scarce at that. The Union is a good thing. Capt. Mann, who lives opposite the island on the Main with ten other 'poor families,' as he calls them, surrounded by fifty miles of impregnable quagmire, and who frequently visits the General's headquarters, says he is 'all right.' His father 'fout in the Revolution, for the stars and stripes; and he is jist the man his father was, and has never been altered; but all the Southern people have been afeered of was, that the North wanted their niggers.' It is understood that he is a kind of delegate from the *Main* land aforesaid, and has endeavored to impress our Generals with these highly patriotic sentiments. Many slaves have come to us for an asylum, and some of them have brought valuable information. The 'Roanoke farmer,' who, the Richmond papers asserted, 'led our troops into the island,' was none other than certain intelligent contrabands who ran away and came down to Hatteras, bringing precise information of the location of the batteries on the island, and the best places for landing to attack them.

"It has been currently stated that assurances have been given that these negroes shall be returned to their masters, though the rumor needs confirmation. It is evident that these people will stick to the Union if we will not allow their negroes to stick to us—that union they don't like. Meantime, it must be understood that the prices of shad and sweet potatoes are to be kept up."

INDIANS IN THE REBEL ARMY.

THE FRUITS OF PRO-SLAVERY RELIGIOUS TEACHING.

[For well-nigh forty years the missionaries of the American Board, supported by the prayers, sympathies and contributions of the Orthodox Churches of the land, taught the Indians of the Southwest that holding, breeding, flogging and selling black men as slaves was compatible with Christianity and no bar to salvation. Not long since, the Board relinquished its mission to one of the tribes, assigning as a reason for so doing that the Indians were a Christian nation! If the reader wishes to see the ripe fruits of such atheistic teaching in the name of Christ, we commend to him the following statements, from *The Tribune* reporter's account of the recent battle at Pea Ridge, Benton Co., Arkansas.]

THE Cherokee, Choctaw, Creek, and Seminole Indians, of whom some three thousand were engaged in the battle, under the command of Col. Albert Pike, a Northern man, who deserves, and will doubtless receive, eternal infamy for his efforts to induce a horde of savages to butcher brave men who had taken up arms to prevent the subversion of the Republic—repeated the outrages upon civilized warfare, and the shocking barbarities with which our early history has made us familiar. They fought as they did in the olden times—in the manner the rebels have adopted as their own, from behind logs and trees; anxious to destroy, but fearful of exposure; seeking by every device and deception to draw our men into ambush, and attack and slay them at disadvantage. In many instances they succeeded, but in others our men were as wily as the aborigines, and defeated them at their own game. Many a savage, while he was peering cautiously around a tree, or through the bushes, was relieved of life by a musket or rifle ball crashing through his skull. The Indians often assumed to be dead, throwing themselves upon their faces on the ground; and as soon as our troops would pass, they would rise, take deliberate aim, fire and fly. Scalping and robbing were, as of yore, their favorite pastimes. They plundered every wounded, dying and dead Unionist they could find, and very frequently murdered those they discovered so badly hurt as to be incapable of offering resistance. The savages indeed seemed demonized, and it is said the rebels did everything in their power to excite them to frenzy, giving them large quantities of whiskey and gunpowder a few minutes previous to the commencement of hostilities. The appearance of some of the besotted savages was fearful. They lost their sense of caution and fear, and ran with long knives against large odds, and fell pierced by dozens of bullets. With bloody hands and garments, with glittering eyes and horrid scowls, they raged about the field with terrible yells, and so often frightened some of our soldiers for a few seconds as to escape the fate that should have befallen every one of their number. The Indians in many instances could not refrain from scalping their enemies, and it is said that as many as a hundred of our brave men were thus barbarously treated. They frequently scalped the dead they found on the field, and in ten or twelve cases so served soldiers who were merely wounded. I have spoken of the terrible excitement and demoniac rage into which the savages were thrown by the appeals and fire-water of the rebels, who, it appears, suffered from their aboriginal associates nearly as much as the Unionists themselves, and in a manner they could have least expected. The secessionists overcharged their dusky machines, and when they were fired, the truly guilty suffered from the recoil. The Indians in the midst of the excitement and under the stimulus of their burning potations became frenzied, lost to every sense but that of slaughter. Friend and foe were alike to them; they fired at the nearest mark, and used their long knives indiscriminately upon all within their reach. For more than twelve hours they continued this impartial warfare, killing and wounding more of the Missouri and Arkansas troops, it is believed, than they did of ours. On Saturday morning, a body of 300 or 400 Indians were discovered on the north side of Sugar Creek, below the curve of a hill, firing from thick clusters of post-oaks into three or four companies of Arkansas soldiers, marching in McCulloch's Division toward the upper part of the ridge. The Major of the battalion seeing this, hallooed out to them that they were firing upon their own friends, and placed his white handkerchief on

is sword and waved it in the air. The Indians either did not see or did not care for the symbol of truce; but poured two volleys into the Arkansans, killing among others the Major himself. The presumption then was that the Cherokees had turned traitors, and the secession soldiers were immediately ordered to charge upon them. They did so, and for an hour a terrible fight ensued among the oaks between them and their late savage allies, in which it is stated some 250 were killed and wounded on both sides. The Indians suffered severely, as they were driven from their hiding places, and shot and butchered without mercy. A person who witnessed this part of the fight says it was the most bloody and desperate that occurred on the field—being conducted with the most reckless and brutal energy by the two parties, of whom it would be difficult to say which was the more barbarous. On the dead savages were found, in some instances, two or three scalps, fastened to their belts by thongs of leather. The fate of the Arkansans was indeed a distribution of poetic justice. The seeds of rebellion they had sown among the Cherokees, like the teeth that Cadmus planted, turned against them in their growing with fury and with death.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH [illegible] 1862.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige [illegible] by a careful observance of the following directions, [illegible]

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating to any way to the business of the office, should be addressed "[illegible] OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, N[illegible] NEW YORK."

REMOVAL

THE office of THE STANDARD will be removed on or before the [illegible] of May to No. 48 Beekman st., a few doors below William.

[illegible]ITIES.

WENDELL PHILLIPS has told us that the substance of the President's Message is this—Gentlemen slaveholders, loyal and disloyal, now is your time to sell! If you decline to sell, and in consequence meet, by and bye, with a loss instead of a bargain, don't say you had no warning!

Mr. Phillips's estimate of the wish and purpose of the President, in his first lecture at Washington, shows that large generosity which the Abolitionists have frequently exercised towards that functionary since his inauguration. To make that estimate, and persuade himself even for a moment of its reality, or its probability even, a man acquainted with Mr. Lincoln's past course must resolutely look away from its pro-slavery features, and must give the most liberal construction possible to the little he has said and done having some action or tendency against slavery. Nevertheless, it is well occasionally to make this effort. We rejoice that Mr. Phillips has done it. We rejoice that the various organs of anti-slavery sentiment have, from time to time, since the present crisis has been upon us, given a like liberal interpretation to the policy of the Republican party, and of its President, showing a readiness to strengthen their hands, and to meet them half way in any action even tending towards justice and freedom.

As we have heretofore said, the Message has opened a chapter of various possibilities. What realities shall be born from these possibilities all may guess, no one at present can know. Let us cast a conjectural glance upon the possible results on either side.

Of course, many of the slaveholders are now most seriously debating into which side of this balance their weight shall be thrown. As the offer is made to all slaveholding States alike, irrespective of their openly rebellious or their nominally loyal position, it is probable that very many, even in the more Southern States, under the influence of their recent losses in fort and field, are considering whether to accept the very liberal proposal now made to them.

It must be remembered that both the President and Congress, up to the time of this Message, had utterly repudiated the idea of *treating* with armed rebels. If you wish to negotiate, said they, throw down your arms and acknowledge the Federal authority. Now, one sort of negotiation (a most characteristic one it must appear in their eyes) is proffered them in advance of submission. We will not *treat*, gentlemen slaveholders (say the President and Congress), until you lay down your arms. But we are ready to *trade* at any moment! What wonder that the rebels lump all the loyalists together as "Yankees"? What wonder that they prefix to that name their most common uncomplimentary adjective?

Whatever they may think of the offer, and however they may ultimately decide it, no doubt, with great numbers of the slaveholders, the proffer of Congress, following the suggestion of the President's Message, is now in grave debate. Various considerations of pride and passion, the custom of tyranny, the love of consistency, urge them one way; the present unpromising aspect of their affairs, the immense change which has taken place at Washington, in regard to the treatment of slavery, the alluring promises and vague threats of the President, and the stronger threats of manifest destiny, incline them towards the other.

To sell, or not to sell! that is the question!

At a time when disasters are closing thickly around them, when by land and by sea, abroad and at home, their cause is meeting most ominous reverses, it is no small thing to be seriously asked, by the opposing party, what they will *take* to leave off contention and return to the old footing! what they will *take* to call it a draw game, instead of playing it out and being tremendously beaten! what they will *take* to have slavery quietly secured to them through the natural lives of the existing generation, with a chance for negotiation which may prolong it through the lives of their children also! Their relationship to the Yankees is not so remote but that a chance at such bargaining as this must attract their attention, and cause, consciously or unconsciously, a few calculations in mental arithmetic.

Consider what proposition this is that is made to them?

The pecuniary demand which they are invited to make is not in compensation for the surrender of their slaves, for the slaves are not to be taken from them. Mr. Lincoln expresses his decided objection to immediate emancipation. They are invited to state their price for "the inconveniences, public and private," proceeding from their adoption of "a gradual abolishment of slavery." There is every reason to suppose that the details of this extraordinary offer will be carried out (if the slaveholders should close with it) with the most liberal consideration for their convenience and advantage. As to the important points of *how highly* the "inconveniences" in question are to be estimated, and *how many* decades shall intervene before the beginning, and how many more before the end, of the "gradual abolishment" in question, probably the President and Congress would meet the demands of the Slave Power more than half way. The proposition, therefore, as far as the middle-aged and elderly slaveholders who are to act upon it are concerned, is simply that they state their price for giving up their plans for the extension and perpetuity of slavery, and for agreeing to consent to its "abolishment" some years after the whole generation to which they belong shall have gone where the slaveholders go.

Could these men possibly expect, in the present aspect of affairs, to make more favorable terms for themselves than to be handsomely remunerated for consenting that slavery should die somehow, at a point sooner or later after *they* are dead, with the nation's fresh guaranty that they may continue it, meantime, as before?

Speaking after the manner of Yankees, we should say it would be strange indeed if such an offer were not accepted, especially as the President sets up "no claim of a right by Federal authority to interfere with slavery within State lines," but on the other hand expressly concedes "the absolute control of the subject in each case to the State and its people immediately interested."

Surely, one would think, they must accept an offer like this, which gives them slavery and compensation also, even if it were not enforced by the two pregnant hints next following, namely—

"A practical reacknowledgment of the National authority would render the war unnecessary, and it would at once cease. If, however, resistance continues, the war must also continue, and [illegible] forces all the incidents which may [illegible] *ruin* which may follow it."

When good pay is offered a[illegible] *ruin*, we think no Yankee [illegible] ways of the chivalry are n[illegible] however (all but the [illegible] Carolina), might be exp[illegible] by the Government [illegible]rs, *with* a guaranty for [illegible]very, is well worth "a [illegible] of the National autho[illegible]ould render the war [illegible] at once to cease.

Can they [illegible]

If they [illegible] upon the absurd and insa[illegible]ation; an attempt the fol[illegible] immediate emancipatio[illegible]periment shows, and wh[illegible]an that, in proportion a[illegible] longer.

[illegible] President's proposition, a new [illegible] will have been given to [illegible] act of the Republican gov[illegible]ment will be pledged to main[illegible] the master during the specified [illegible]g one, before all shall have their [illegible]

[illegible] will have many and great complica[illegible]ich we will mention.

[illegible]ions of slaves are far more probable during a process of gradual emancipation than under the [illegible] rule of permanent slavery, and their probability increases as the process of enlargement takes effect, and as the remaining term of arbitrary power diminishes. Since the slaves always knew that no man had [illegible] hold them in bondage—and since hope and [illegible] are stimulated by the sight of a process of enlargement actually going on—and since the injustice [illegible] restraint will be felt more keenly in contrast with [illegible] recovered freedom among those who [illegible] since opportunities for combination increase [illegible] enlargement goes on—it is plain that [illegible]tion will continue and increase [illegible] is broken, and *all* have obtained that liberty which is their due.

2. The events of the rebellion and of the war have enlightened hundreds of thousands of Northern persons respecting the character of slaveholders and the influence of slavery upon the prosperity and welfare of the country. These persons would not list to the Abolitionists, and, while the country remained quiet, they would not disturb it by joining in any movement, radical or moderate, against slavery. These men have been rudely awakened from their dream of quietude. The Slave Power has risen in rebellion, waged war, ruined their trade, and killed their children; it has done what it could to overthrow their government, and has begun to lay upon them a series of most burdensome taxes. The question is not now of destroying quietude by opposing slavery, but of *restoring* that quietude which the direct action of slavery has destroyed, and which can be brought back only by the thorough overthrow and extinction of slavery. Does any one suppose that fugitive slaves can ever again be returned from the North to the South? Never! Always and everywhere there will be individuals mean enough to do it; but always and everywhere there will be individuals spirited enough and *numerous* enough to *prevent* it, and there will be a public sentiment to approve the latter and cry "shame" on the former.

The process of gradual emancipation, being necessarily full of difficulties, will so utterly fail to restore peace and quiet to the country, that the whole battle against slavery will have to be fought over again. Men will find themselves obliged to apply to the lingering continuance of slavery that same active opposition which the Abolitionists, for thirty years past, have applied to its arrogant prosperity.

If, then, the slaveholders accept the President's proposition, we have the prospect of continued turmoil and trouble, lasting from twenty to fifty years, besides a most fearful burden of debt and taxation.

But if they reject it?

Then, manifestly, the people with one voice, must call upon the President to carry out the alternative course intimated at the close of his Message. Then let emancipation, under the war power, be Proclaimed by the President, Enacted by Congress, and Enforced by our armies, from one end of the South to the other.

God speed the Right.

MR. PHILLIPS MOBBED IN CINCINNATI.

THE following telegram appeared in the New York dailies of Tuesday last:

CINCINNATI, March 24, 1862.

Wendell Phillips attempted to lecture at the Opera House to-night. He commenced by avowing himself an abolitionist and disunionist. Persons in the galleries then hissed, yelled, and threw eggs and stones at him, some hitting him. The hissing was kept up some time. Finally he made himself heard, and proceeded until something again objectionable was said, and again eggs were thrown, hitting him. He persevered and a third time was heard, and a third time stoned and egged.

The crowd now moved down stairs crying, "Put him out," "Tar and feather him," and giving groans for the "nigger, Wendell Phillips." They proceeded down the middle aisle towards the stage, and were met by Phillips's friends. Here a fight ensued amidst the greatest confusion, ladies screaming and crying, jumping on chairs and falling in all directions. During the fight Phillips was taken off the stage by his friends. The audience then moved out. It is now ten o'clock, and the streets in the vicinity of the Opera House are crowded with excited people. They are unable to find Phillips. No one was seriously hurt as we can learn.

We have no knowledge of the occurrence beyond what is above given; but we feel sure that the telegraph has put the conduct of the mob in the most favorable light that the facts would warrant. That Mr. Phillips spoke of himself as *now* a disunionist is of course a falsehood, invented for the purpose of misleading and inflaming the public mind. He doubtless said, or attempted to say, in Cincinnati, substantially what he lately said in Washington, viz:

"When Daniel Webster taught me that the Union meant making white men hypocrites and black men slaves; that it meant lynch law in the Carolinas and mob law in Massachusetts; that it meant lies in the pulpit and gags in the Senate; when I was told that the cementing of the Union was returning slaves to their masters, in the name of the God I loved, and had been taught to honor, I cursed the Constitution and the Union, and endeavored to break it; and, thank God, it is broken (laughter). But when, last summer, I saw, or thought I saw, that this Union could not exist unless it meant justice; when I thought I saw nineteen million of people already drifting with a current as inevitable as that of Niagara in this direction, and when, today, I hear the voice of the President, as I think, uttering the same sentiment, I cannot but accept of the whole thirty-four States. I am a Yankee born, and will buy Union at any time at a fair price" (laughter).

If this is treason, let the worshippers of slavery make the most of it; they will not find Mr. Phill[illegible] from the avowal of his principles in li[illegible]

The mob at Cincinnati may turn ou[illegible] work of a few [illegible] men, operating [illegible] the city government and the friends o[illegible] were off their guard; and on the other hand, it may have been countenanced by those in a[illegible] We shall get at the whole truth sho[illegible] Cincinnati to Kentucky h[illegible] upon the moral atmos[illegible] the place, tending to make the pro-slavery party peculiarly bold and malignant. It has been the scene of many pro-slavery mobs within the last twenty-five years. We hope this base and cowardly attack on Mr. Phillips will serve to develope a public sentiment in that city strong enough to maintain the freedom of speech at every hazard.

REV. MR. TRASK'S LABORS FOR THE ARMY.—Rev. George Trask, of Fitchburg, Mass., well known for his anti-tobacco mission, is engaged in publishing a great variety of four-paged tracts for distribution in the army and navy, on the subject of intemperance, the use of tobacco, profaneness and lewdness. He has sent us a few specimens of these tracts. They are pictorial, concise, sarcastic, ironic, jocose, solemn, moral and sometimes religious, and cannot fail to make a strong impression and to do good when read with candor. He wants funds to enable him to prosecute his benevolent labors in the wide unoccupied field before him. He has already published twenty different tracts for our army and navy. He says he has not a dollar in his coffer, and earnestly begs for a little money at once.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS IN WASHINGTON.—In answer to inquiries made on every hand, we have to say that we refrain, at Mr. Phillips's request, from printing *The Tribune's* report of his Washington speech, which, having been made in haste and without his revision, is in some respects quite imperfect. He will probably revise it for our columns hereafter—perhaps in time for publication next week.

FREEDMEN OF SOUTH CAROLINA

LETTER FROM REV. N. R. JOHNSTON.

BEAUFORT, S. C., March 15th, 1862.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WHEN I saw you in New York, on my way here, I hesitated about promising to write for THE STANDARD. My fears have been more than realized, for I have been so busy every hour since my arrival, and find so much work to do, I have no time to write letters. But I must seize this hour, the last that I have before the sailing of the Atlantic on her return voyage, to redeem my promise. I do so the more readily because I presume many of the readers of THE STANDARD will be glad to know that any Abolitionist is in the Palmetto State to teach and to preach to the contrabands, or freedmen.

I am here by the appointment of the Board of Missions of the Reformed Presbyterian (Covenanter) Church. My mission is to explore these islands with reference to the location of a missionary station, and to labor for a time for the physical, educational, moral, and religious elevation of the ex-slaves here.

I sailed from New York, in the Atlantic, on Monday, the 3d inst. Our good ship was the Mayflower of 1862. She bore fifty or sixty men and women on errands of mercy to the ten thousand slaves here now abandoned by their masters. Your readers have no doubt heard full accounts of the movements to which I refer, and I need to say only that the design of the government is certainly wise and benevolent, and I earnestly hope the plan may succeed. Mr. Pierce, the agent of the War Department, had in his charge some forty or fifty men from Boston and New York, to be located upo[n] abandoned plantations, to bring order out of conf[usion] if possible—to superintend and to teach. Many of [the] supervisors are excellent men—warm-hearted A[boli]tionists—and are here out of benevolence. It is t[o be] feared, however, that they are not all of this k[ind]. One thing is certain, some of them have never b[een] *known* to be truly anti-slavery; and I may add, fr[om] personal knowledge, some of them have not learned [to] spell *negro* with only one *g*. These superintende[nts] should all be men of deepest compassion and free f[rom] negro hate. If not, it is to be feared that the color[ed] people will have only a change of masters and overseers.

Our voyage was rendered still more pleasant by the company of Rev. Mansfield French and twelve or thirteen excellent ladies coming here to establish an Industrial School for the benefit of colored girls and women, and to make up and distribute clothing for the destitu[te]. Among those with whom I formed a pleasant acquaintance, and to whom I am greatly indebted for kindness during the voyage, I wish to make honorable mention of Mrs. Nicholson of New York, and Mrs. Senator Harlan of Iowa. They are eminently qualified for the work, being true friends of the slave. Any clothing sent to Mrs. Nicholson will be well distributed. Mrs. Harlan will not remain long.

We had a stormy and very rough passage, and did not reach the light-ship off Hilton Head harbor until Thursday night; and, owing to the slow operation of things under military control, we did not reach Beaufort until late Saturday night. You are already familiar with the description of this place. The town is pleasantly situated on the Port Royal river, about 15 miles above Hilton Head, at the mouth of Broad river. It has many fine mansions, in Southern style; but the greatest number, probably three-fourths, of the houses are miserable negro huts. In these the colored people are still living, and others coming in from Secessia. In the houses formerly occupied by the slaveholders the soldiers are now quartered. The commissioned officers and government agents are living in these in pomp. The most gorgeously furnitured mansions have been emptied of all their contents, and many of them are almost destroyed by the ruthless hand of the soldier. Good houses are turned into commissary stores, or stables. Generals, Colonels and Majors, and everybody down to corporals, roll at ease on richest sofas, faring sumptuously every day. But how sad the contrast! In the negro quarters, among the poor and despised ex-slaves, is great destitution. Clothed in rags, many of them little or nothing to eat, without employment, no one to provide, under the most rigid military rule, so that they cannot pass even from one side of town to the other without a written pass from Gen Stevens, and many of them bereft of husbands, or wives, or children, they are indeed most miserable objects of compassion.

I had thought that I [illegible] and heard of [illegible] in all its dark features; but after only a few days of observation and inquiry I find I did not know the tenth part. Oh, I have seen and heard what [illegible] my heart bleed. How can all this suffering and degradation be removed? How can these outcasts be cared for? The greatest obstacle in the way of their education and elevation now is the military here.

The most marked difference between the slaves here and those in the Border States is in their color. Here there are very few mulattoes. Most of them are purely African. This is owing partly to the fact that most of them have been born here, and have been intermingled little with those of other places. And I think that few have ever been sold away from here. The plantations are large, and the slaves have not exchanged hands much.

The other day I explored the northern portion of the island of Port Royal, and passed over upon the Barnwell Island. This is one plantation, formerly owned (claimed, rather) by Trescott, assistant Secretary of State under President Buchanan. Before the war there were two or three hundred slaves on the plantation. When Hilton Head was taken, he ran away from his farm, taking with him the women, young men, and children; leaving only the old men, ordering them, in case the Federals should come there, to set fire to everything and follow him. They disobeyed, and are still on the plantation, together with others who have fled thither from the "main land" in Secessia. The negro quarters are about one or two miles beyond the picket guards, so that when there I was within gun shot of the rebels. Their pickets can be seen over the river on both sides, and sometimes they fire upon ours. On this plantation I saw what I would never see again unless it would be to remove. And bad as was their condition before the war, it is now physically worse. I hope that soon it will be better.

The darkest moral feature of slavery I have here discovered in the slaves is the utter ignorance, generally, of their own rights. Many of them seem not to have known that they ought to have been free. Few, if any, ever desired or hoped to be free. All seemed gloomy. They knew that it was wrong to separate families, to whip and abuse the black man; but they seem to have taken for granted that their masters had a right to own and control them. Many of them have heard the Bible [illegible] portions [illegible] read i[n] the [illegible] ey have ne[illegible] [illegible] agree that [illegible] [illegible] words [illegible] ad.

[illegible]day, I had a [illegible] w[ith] [a] deacon in the Episcopal Church (colored), who, when I read several portions of Scripture directly anti-slavery, seemed perfectly astonished. Said he: "And dat is de law of de Lord? Dem parts we neber hear read to us." This deacon's children were all taken from him by his master when the army came here.

To-morrow I am to preach in the Episcopal church, where used to worship the largest white congregation of the wealthiest slaveholders on the island—the Rhetts, the Barnwells, the Habershams. To give you an idea of the character of the religion of which this house used to be the headquarters, let me mention an illustration. Samson was the property of an Episcopal clergyman, living most of the time in Charleston. He was sexton of the church here. His wife and children were the slaves of the pastor of this Church, and lived with Samson at the time the army came here. On the night of the flight from Beaufort, Walker, the parson, came into Samson's house at the hour of midnight and tore the wife and children out of bed and dragged them away with him. This I have from the lips of poor, heart-broken Samson, and it needs no comment. Many similar cases have come to my knowledge. But why chronicle them? "The world itself could not contain the books that should be written." As I am to be the first successor of Parson Walker, and as my colored congregation will be invited to sit, not in the gallery as before, but down where their lords and masters used to sit, you may easily imagine what kind of Gospel I will preach to them. I pray God I may be true to both them and Him who has sent me "to preach good things unto the meek."

But this paper is already too large, though I have not written half of what I should. More anon.

N. R. JOHNSTON.

P. S.—My work here will be to teach and to preach to the Contrabands, also to look after their wants, to distribute clothing, etc. Boxes containing shoes, garments, etc., may be sent to my care for distribution. In this I will be aided by ladies and others here. Direct to Beaufort, to my care. Send to 320 Broadway, whence they will be shipped here free.

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

HARWICH, Mass., March, 1862.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

MY last was written under difficulties, and so the printers made me say of the slaves, "*jolled* and worked," instead of *yoked* and worked. I also said the French National Assembly "just voted God from his throne, and done with it." It is printed, "*down* with it." But your printers deserve all praise for deciphering my hieroglyphics so well as they do.

Last Saturday and Sunday there was an old-fashioned Anti-Slavery Convention at Hyannis, here on Cape Cod. The weather was most pitiless to the very last, and yet our audience increased to the last—closing late on Sunday evening, with every seat in Freemason's Hall occupied, and many standing besides. Most of the speaking was by Mr. Heywood and myself. Loring Moody and Mr. Coombs—late of *The Atlantic Messenger*—once or twice addressed the Convention.

The following resolutions were most thoroughly discussed, and unanimously voted; Mr. Heywood, and one [or two] others, dissenting from some of the positions of [illegible]

[Resol]ved, That in the main issues presented in the present conflict, the North may be wholly right, and the South wrong; but this only convicts the North of being [equal]ly and guilty as the South, on the great cause of [the war], which all sensible and honest men admit to be [slavery]. For whereas the South wages the war on the plea [that the] North has interfered, and proposes still farther to [interfere] with her constitutional right to hold slaves, the [g]overnment has to this hour disclaimed all intention or right to interfere with the slave property or [slav]e of any loyal citizen of the government, in any, [or th]e revolted and most rebellious of the States.

[Resolved], That the position and purpose of the government [remain] essentially unchanged, and the President so [declare]s recent message to Congress. The Union with [slaveholder]s, therefore, is still unbroken—the constitutional [covenant w]ith death is not yet annulled—the confederate [agreement] with hell still stands; and though, under the [war powe]r," every slave *might* be immediately set free, [yet not the] National Capital is yet cleansed of the abomi[nations of ei]ther slaveholding or slave-hunting; and in the [army and] Navy, such Commanders as Commodore Goldsborough [an]d Gen. Burnside are complimenting North Carolin[a slavehold]ers on their Christianity! and assuring them [that the] North "*the sacred obligations of the Christian* [character]" are pledged "in no manner or way to interfere [with their] laws, constitutionally established, their institu[tions of any] kind whatever, their property of any sort, or [their usages] in any respect," unless forced to do so by some [necessity wh]ich seems not yet to exist.

[Resolved], That we must, therefore, as Abolitionists, faithful [and true], continue to inscribe on our banner, "No Union [with Slave]holders," under Republican or Democratic [administrati]ons; in peace or war, in North or South; and [to protest] at every manifestation of improved public [sentiment in] favor of Liberty and Justice, and against the [crimes and c]ruelties of the Southern oppressors, our demand [still] is [that] every slave be *immediately emancipated*; not as a [military] necessity," but "in the name of humanity, and [according to] the laws of the living God."

[Resolved], That the popular Religion of the North, as garnished [by] Presbyterianism, Methodism, Congregationalism, [Episcop]acy, and the powerful denomination of Baptists, [that has for] thirty years resisted the demands of the anti-slavery enterprise, and maintained almost unbroken ministerial and sacramental fellowship with the slave-breeding [and] slaveholding Churches of the South, but is now engaged in butchering in battle the very brethren with whom, but a little while ago, it ate and drank the communion bread and wine, is now too clearly seen to be a compound of worldly conformity, hypocritical pretense, and unblushing wickedness and disregard of the claims of humanity, to be longer mistaken by any except such as are given up to strong delusion to believe in lies, that they may suffer the fatal consequences.

Objection was made to the second resolution, as unjust to Mr. Lincoln and the government. No one voted against it; nor have I seen any person on the Cape, who, in conversation, does not fully and heartily subscribe to it, unless a Republican or Democrat, and but two or three even of them. The recent victories have somewhat inspired the people with hope of something; some change at any rate; but, until very recently, in all directions, there was fast growing up a general distrust of both the integrity and ability of the President, Cabinet and Congress, alike.

Among the old school Abolitionists, the distrust still continues to a large extent. Even the President's late message [illegible] rather increases it. I was [illegible] of the very j[ust] a[nd] [illegible]able criticisms of it by the [Edito]r of *The Liberator*.

[illegible] to me Mr. Lincoln promised more to slavery, [illegible] more for slavery in one [illegible] his predecessors since George Washington. And [wh]at [he] would do, if the rebel States [would] but return to his jurisdiction, one does not like to [illegible].

In his Inaugural Address he told his "*dissatisfied fellow-countrymen*" that he should "take the official oath with no mental reservation;" * * * "suggesting that it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to and abide by all those acts which stand unrepealed, than to violate any of them, trusting to find impunity in having them held to be unconstitutional."

This was said under the Fugitive Slave law head. On amendments to the Constitution, he said:

"I understand a proposed amendment to the Constitution has passed Congress, to the effect that the Federal government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of the States, including that of persons held to service. To avoid misconstruction of what I have said, I now depart from my purpose not to speak of particular amendments, so far as to say that, holding such a provision to now be implied constitutional law, I have no objection to its being ma[de expr]ess and irrevocable."

Other Presidents and political parties had left these things to be both *implied* and *repealable*. Mr. Lincoln and a Republican Congress propose to make them "EXPRESS AND IRREVOCABLE!!"

In his message to Congress, on the 6th inst., the President says, on the proposition to "gradually" emancipate the slaves in the Border States, and compensate the masters:

"Such a proposition on the part of the General government sets up no claim of a right by Federal authority to interfere with slavery within State limits, referring as it does the absolute control of the subject in each case to the State and its people immediately interested. It is proposed as a matter of perfectly free choice with them. In the annual message of last December, I thought fit to say, 'The Union must be preserved, and hence all indispensable means must be employed.' I said this not hastily, but deliberately. War has been and continues to be an indispensable means to this end. A practical reacknowledgment of the National authority would render the war unnecessary, and it would at once cease."

Here, again, constitutional limits are most scrupulously acknowledged, and State Rights religiously observed. Let the revolted States but reacknowledge Federal authority, and "the war" (not slavery!) "*would at once cease.*"

On the 31st of August [illegible] a procla[mation] [illegible] of [illegible] ms [illegible] th[illegible] er[illegible] the [illegible] ien [illegible] ag[e] [illegible] 18th [illegible] the people of North Carolina." In it they say

"The mission of our joint expedition is not to invade any of your rights. * * A few bad men * * impose upon your credulity by telling you of wicked, and even diabolical intentions on our part; of our desire to destroy your freedom, demolish your property, liberate your slaves, injure your women, *and such like enormities*; all of which, we assure you, is utterly and wilfully false. We are Christians as well as yourselves; and we profess to know full well, and to feel profoundly the sacred obligations of the character. * * We shall inflict no injury, unless forced to do so by your own acts; and on this you may confidently [rely]. * * * The government asks only that its authority may be recognized; and, we repeat, in no manner or way does it desire to interfere with your laws, *constitutionally* established, your institutions of any kind whatever, your property *of any sort*, or your usages in any respect."

Now, mark the course of the government again. Gen. Fremont, for his proclamation, lost his command. At all events, he was soon removed, in great dishonor, if not disgrace. But Gen. Burnside, the papers told us, the day before yesterday, was confirmed a "Major-General," and is no longer only a Brigadier as before.

One word more as to the resolutions above. There seems no doubt as to the absolute right of the government over slavery, "under the War Power." And the government either recognizes that right and power, or it does not. If it do recognize it, then, surely, it is tenfold more black and guilty than ever, in its craven subservience to the behests of the fell demon. If it deny that right and power, as surely every written word of the President indicates, then what remains for us, as Abolitionists, faithful and true, but our own original, '*In hoc signo vinces*'; which, being interpreted, is to us—"No Union with Slaveholders."

PARKER PILLSBURY.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, March [illegible] 1862.

THE slaveholders of this District are trying, in their usual way, to defeat the proposition to abolish slavery here—that is, by the use of bluster and falsehood. Their organ is *The Evening Star*, and a lively little sheet it is altogether too decent in some other respects to be engaged in this kind of business. *The Star*, of Friday evening last, contains "twenty reasons why the bill to emancipate the slaves in the District of Columbia should not pass." Let me give you a few of them. I will quote the first seven reasons in their order:

"1. The measure is not asked for by the owners, who are the principal parties.

2. It is not asked for by the general people of the District.

3. No evidence exists that it is asked for or really desired by the slaves themselves, if unmolested by the [illegible] originators of the measure.

4. It appears to be urged on party and sectional grounds alone, in the face of the misery and [illegible] which the indulgence of party and sectional passions has already produced.

5. There is no necessity for the measure at this present time any more than for the last sixty years [illegible] all the grosser features of slavery were removed from the District by the legislation of 1850.

6. If the proposition to enact such a measure is not purposely designed to frustrate a restoration of the Union, it is exactly adapted to that end, since it will supply the rebel leaders with some of that needful element to the overthrow of the government of the United States which they have hitherto so much needed. The passage of such a bill will be playing directly into rebel hands, whilst it will embarrass the friends of the Union throughout the loyal Border States, and the whole South; and, by arousing new doubts in their minds, will paralyze their efforts, and thus indefinitely protract a bloody and expensive civil war. If there is one thing in the world clearer than all the rest, it is that now again [illegible] on the slavery question should have been held in abeyance till after the war, so that the war could have been prosecuted without distraction by all the loyal people of the country. The course that is now pursued is calculated to reunite the South and divide the North.

7. The attempt to pass this in a hurry at this juncture is suggestive of the doubts of its advocates if it could be passed when both sides of the question could be more fully and fairly represented. It looks like an attempt to take a snap-judgment in the absence of one party."

Reason No. 3 is certainly one of the most impudent ever given by the slaveholders in reply to a demand for emancipation, but is no more ridiculous than several others given. The 7th surprises by its cool effrontery. "The absence of one party," means, of course, *the rebels!* Yet, this is given repeatedly as a reason why emancipation should not now be rendered an accomplished fact in the District. The Southern States are not here—hence there should be no legislation on this subject. If this is a valid argument against anti-slavery legislation, it is so of course against every other kind, and no appropriation bills should be permitted to pass till the rebel States will give their consent. The other thirteen reasons are pretty much like the above. One is that Mr. Lincoln is pledged not to interfere with slavery here without the consent of the inhabitants. Where the pledge was given is not stated. Another reason is that if the slaves are emancipated we shall soon have amalgamation and other horrors overwhelming the District like a freshet; the sage writer forgetting that, while we have but a very few slaves in the District, we do have, and have long had, a very large number of free colored persons here, the last-mentioned class being as well behaved and industrious a population as one could ask for.

The fact is, that these insolent and whining efforts of the slaveholders and slaveholding politicians in our midst are having a decided effect upon Congress, and as *The Republican* intimates, if they do not manage their cause with better skill, Congress will yet abolish slavery without making any compensation to the so-called owners. The members of the Senate seem inclined to talk the bill to death, but if it ever survives their speeches, it will speedily become a law. Willey must talk up slavery in Virginia, and Doolittle spend two hours in enlightening the country respecting the necessity of a separation of the two races, but the vote will come, after awhile.

The slaveholders here are very sanguine that Mr. Lincoln will veto the bill. They admit that it will pass by a heavy vote in Congress, but think that the President will interpose with his veto, upon the ground that the people of the District should have the privilege of deciding the question for themselves. In other words, that the President, since the death of Douglas, has taken up his mantle and become a convert to the doctrine of popular sovereignty! Mr. Lincoln will do no such thing.

On the question of general emancipation the position of the President is in more doubt. He probably has no policy as yet—is undecided in his own mind what to do. The Kentucky and Tennessee men tell him that with one or two more victories the rebellion will tumble to pieces, and that the rebellious States will gladly resume their old places in the Union. Other advisers tell him that this will not be the result, but that the rebels will keep retreating and fighting—that they will make *a long war* and a trying one to our troops—that it is their purpose to keep McClellan at bay till the bad and sickly weather comes on, and then to trust to the climate and the financial distress of the North to do their work. McClellan is slow and cautious. If the rebels prepare a final retreat into the Gulf States, they can easily make it so slow that McClellan's grand army will not have reached the border of these extreme States before August, and then his army would melt away, like fog before the June sun, under the action of a deadly climate. The President does not know which story to believe, and so he waits to see by the light of actual events a little further into the future. But when he finds that mid-summer is here, and the rebels still hold out in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, he cannot hesitate longer to issue the grand decree which shall set a nation of bondmen free. He will do nothing of this kind unless compelled to it by dire events. Those anti-slavery people who expect a declaration of emancipation while success attends the army of the United States are greatly mistaken. But when the stern necessity arises, I believe Mr. Lincoln will not hesitate.

The Border State men threaten. Some of them do not hesitate to say that separation were better than emancipation, but when we come to desperate straits, their counsel will not have weight.

The government finds itself betrayed at every step it takes by the rebel spies among us. I understand that Mr. Stanton expresses his utter astonishment *at the fact* that *every* great movement of our army is known to the rebels in advance of the actual movement. He should not be astonished. Those very spies are in the employ of this government, and it doesn't do a bit of good to tell government, heads of departments, bureaus, or the Senate which confirms the nominations, the facts. Men who profess to be violently loyal, who even stand high as anti-slavery men, connive at the appointment or confirmation of men of doubtful loyalty. Yet *the newspapers* need a "censor" to keep the rebels from obtaining important news!

Many of these gentlemen, kept in fine, fat offices by this Administration, or by Republicans in Congress, are using their influence to defeat the emancipation and confiscation bills before Congress. The *Star* of last evening quotes, with a good deal of gusto, a paragraph from a letter published in a Northern conservative-Republican newspaper. It is as follows:

"Meanwhile we have good news from other parts of the country, and we may expect to see a 'change of front,' by our radical friends. *Finding that they cannot prevent a restoration of the Union by attacks upon its soldiers, and that the rebels are being conquered without the emancipation and arming of the slaves, they are now striving to stifle all loyal feeling at the South by obnoxious legislation.*"

Here is the infamous charge that the anti-slavery members of Congress are actuated by *a desire to destroy the Union*. Who makes the false assertion? A gentleman who holds a pleasant office directly at the hands of a member of Congress distinguished for his anti-slavery position. If I were to mention his name, it would astonish even the readers of THE STANDARD, who are ready to believe politicians guilty of almost any kind of inconsistency. The writer of the paragraph makes his assertion, as he has a right to do—if it was only true—and I am not blaming him. But how long will it take radical anti-slavery notions to win their way if anti-slavery men in office, or places of power, give all their patronage to men who deride anti-slavery principles? There are *some* facts in reference to this matter which ought to be made public, and which would be, but for a desire to save the reputation of certain dreadfully blind and mistaken, or shamefully hypocritical, Republicans.

All sorts of military rumors fill the town while I write. If I were to believe all that the McClellan men say, I should say that the stars and stripes will float over Richmond within a fortnight; but I do not credit everything said by this class of men. It is quite possible that McClellan may turn out a good deal of a General, and if he is victorious let him have all the praise he deserves. Still, some facts look like a slow spring campaign. The Democrats, some what will, mean to make a hero and a Presidential candidate [illegible]

[illegible]

How [illegible] these [illegible] newspapers are [illegible] question of general emancipation [illegible] troversy [illegible] the true Republicans in the House [illegible] days ago. "We are soon to decide if [illegible] the emancipation of the slaves of rebels, which will overthrow slavery on this continent in a few weeks. I look around me for help, to the [illegible] anti-slavery press, and my heart sinks within me. I grow faint. There are but three or four journals of leading position that dare advocate the emancipation of slaves of rebels. Many of our editors talk in a cowardly fashion of the *final* overthrow of the [illegible] a century hence, but where are they on this vital question of *to-day*? If the Slave Power is again triumphant it will be owing to the conduct of the half-hearted men!" Was he not right? How many journals in your city advocate the immediate extinction of slavery? Do you notice that Dr. Thompson stands on the platform in the Boston *Congregationalist*? It is a fact and a most singular one. He advocates, apparently, the Sumner resolutions in favor of governing the disloyal States as territories, and his argument is very able. AVON.

FROM PHILADELPHIA.

We have no Letter from our Philadelphia Correspondent this week, but from a private missive to ourself he authorizes us to take the following:

"The meeting to hear Phillips at Concert Hall was a popular tribute to our advancing cause, and an ovation to the speaker. The audience was a beautiful one. Every seat was occupied, and not a few were obliged to stand. Such a sea of intelligent faces never before saluted an *Abolitionist* speaker in this city.

"It was a grand speech, but not as an *oration*. There was nothing of what would be called oratory about it. No passion; no fervor; no fire; nothing to stir the blood. It was eloquent; but it was the eloquence of thought; of carefully digested conclusions, couched in language of the severest simplicity. His manner was quiet; more so than usual. He had sat up all the night before, writing; he had travelled all that day; he was laboring under a severe cold; and withal he was very tired. So that it is hardly to be wondered that people who went for the first time to hear the 'orator of Freedom,' as he was called in the bills, were disappointed. The popular idea of oratory supposes fervor of spirit and sparkling rhetoric. Mr. Phillips's address was marked by neither of these characteristics. It was as subdued and passionless as a lecture by Emerson; and in its style almost as essayistic. To those who were not looking for *oratory* it was a treat of the highest order; a 'feast of fat things; of wine on the lees, well refined.'

"Query: was the sermon on the mount oratory?

"A young Democrat, till lately pro-slavery, said to an acquaintance the next day after the lecture: 'It was a splendid thing; but I wish the price had been $5; I think in that case I should feel better. I now feel a sort of mean, at having got so much for a quarter.'"

Our correspondent was at the funeral of ROBERT PURVIS, Jr., which he speaks of as an interesting occasion. It took place on Sunday, at 1 o'clock; the ground of Friends' meeting-house in Byberry being the place of burial. It was largely attended, not only by the people of the neighborhood, but by friends and acquaintances from a distance, especially from Philadelphia. Remarks appropriate to the occasion, and at considerable length, were made at the house, by Lucretia Mott, J. M. McKim, Thomas McClintock, and Elizabeth Paxson. Our correspondent, in mentioning these circumstances, adds:

"The death of poor Robert, though for months expected, has come, as that event always does come, with a shock. It has produced a profound sensation of sorrow among his numerous friends and acquaintances. Sorrow for the departure of one so young and noble, and sorrow for the still deeper sorrow of his bereaved parents, and his mourning brothers and sisters. He was fair in form and feature, and his character was in keeping with his manly appearance. His uprightness and loftiness of tone were his characteristics; his erect figure and almost haughty mien indicated his native self-respect and the contempt he felt for the narrow and vulgar prejudices with which he was continually brought in contact. But though identified with a hated race, Robert Purvis was not hated. On the contrary, he was respected by all who knew him, and by many beloved. As a merchant he enjoyed a good reputation for commercial integrity and personal honor.

"The pain of his protracted illness was not aggravated by gloomy apprehensions of death. The inevitable messenger came to him as a welcome deliverer. To his most intimate friend he said, just before his departure, 'Farewell! we shall meet again in another world!'

"He was an Abolitionist by conviction as well as by inheritance. One of the chief originators of the Junior Anti-Slavery Society, he was among its most active members. He found solace in his last hours in hearing of the advance of the cause, and especially in listening to his father while reading a report of Wendell Phillips's speech in Washington. The sympathy with his parents is wide-spread and deep."

KENTUCKY.

IN the Kentucky House of Representatives, on the 12th inst., a member moved to suspend the rules to permit him to offer the following:

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, That any person or persons who have or may advocate the doctrine of the abolition or emancipation of slavery in the State of Kentucky, either directly or indirectly, or who sympathizes with the same, be and are hereby disfranchised for life.

That all persons so offending shall take no part in elections either as Judges, Clerks, or Sheriffs of the same, and be requested to leave the State within ten days.

This act shall take effect ten days after its passage.

Forty-eight members voted for the motion to suspend the rules, and 29 against it. The motion requiring two thirds to pass it, failed. That it was sustained by a majority is a significant fact in view of the President's recent message.

On the following day, Mr. Heady, an ultra pro-slavery member, offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, By the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, That Congress has no constitutional power, and therefore no right, "to coöperate with any State which may adopt a gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such State pecuniary aid, to be used by such State in its discretion to compensate for the inconvenience, public and private, by such change of system."

Resolved, That "the initiation of emancipation" in the loyal Border States, brought about by the offer of aid by Congress, or compulsory emancipation by Congress, through the instrumentality of the army, in the Cotton and rebel Border States, would give strength to the rebellion, by verifying the apprehended wrong, the fear of which was the one controlling cause of the rebellion, and would alienate the Union men of the slave States from their allegiance.

Resolved, That "whether the pecuniary compensation tendered would not be of more value to the States and private persons concerned, than are the institutions and property in it, in the present aspect of our affairs," is a question which Kentucky will not entertain, coming from the National Executive, Congress, or other source outside of Kentucky, in any "aspect of our affairs."

Resolved, That our chivalrous army, officered by men imbued with discipline to the law, [illegible] will be confined and subordinate to the former, together [illegible] observance of the pledge and policy [illegible] interfere with slavery in the States, affords the best and only guarantee of a speedy reduction of the rebellion, the restoration of the old Union, and the blessings which[illegible] around its adhering members.

The House refused by a vote of 25 yeas to 43 nays to suspend the rules so that these resolutions could be introduced for consideration. There is as yet nothing to show that even one member of the "loyal" Legislature of Kentucky is ready to accept the President's proposal for gradual emancipation.

THE ACCOMAC DISTRICT in Virginia, formerly represented in Congress by Henry A. Wise (who gloried in the fact that not a single newspaper was published within its limits), has been held for some time past by troops of the United States. Not long since there was an election there for a member of Congress, at which a Mr. Segar was chosen. Of the state of things in that quarter the Baltimore correspondent of *The Evening Post*, after an interview with an officer of Purnell's Legion stationed there, says:

"My informant tells me that the loyalty of that region is *nil*, that it is all assumed, that all the slaveholders think of is the keeping of their slaves, which the Legion has been busily employed in catching, whenever required to do so, to the infinite disgust of the privates, who hail with unaffected delight the announcement of the new article of war, that makes a man of [illegible] whatever the [illegible] which [illegible] to Cape Charles, unless the [illegible] that nothing will make that a loyal district of country but the emancipation of the slaves, which the only Unionists therein. He tells me that the small farmers are preparing pretty extensively for the summer's

crops, but that [illegible] slaveholders are holding back. A [illegible] election for Congress was held a day or two [illegible], but it will not amount to anything like a "declaration" [illegible] public sentiment. And yet the man chosen at the "mock election" will [illegible] permitted to take a seat in Congress, thus increasing by one vote the party in that body whose chief object is, not so much the suppression of the rebellion as the preservation of slavery!

DR. CHEEVER BEFORE THE LEGISLATURE.

ALBANY, March 21, 1862.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

YESTERDAY, Dr. Cheever appeared before the Military Committees of the Senate and Assembly, and delivered a very able argumentative address in behalf of the object of the petition to the Legislature, which recently appeared in your columns, viz.: That the Senators be instructed, and the Representatives, in Congress, from this State, be requested to immediately institute measures for the abolition of slavery under the war power. The Assembly Chamber was well filled. A large majority of the members of both branches of the Legislature were in attendance. I will not attempt a synopsis of the address, hoping that it may ere long appear at length in your columns. It was given with great power, and can but be productive of excellent results. I understand that, in answer to the call of the petition, resolutions, contemplating the abolition of slavery under the war power, are soon to be introduced. It is by no means certain that they will pass, though such a result is hoped for. Not a few of the so-called "patriotic Union" men who were thrown upon the surface a few months ago, and elected, in the midst of the war excitement, to the Legislature, are of the milk-and-water, mostly water, character.

We are much indebted to the Hon. GEORGE T. PIERCE, of Ulster, the Chairman of the Military Committee of the Assembly, for his kind and efficient coöperation in providing the opportunity, and securing suitable arrangements for the hearing of yesterday.

Last evening, Dr. Cheever lectured in Association Hall upon "The obligations imposed by our recent victories." The hall was well filled by an appreciative audience. The lecture was admirable, given with thrilling effect, replete with prophetic warning and wise counsel. Would that it might be listened to in every town in the land.

The President's late message renders yet more apparent the need of conscientious, uncompromising teachers among the people. A weak and wicked dodge of grave responsibilities it is in itself, guilt enough for one man to incur, but such is the influence of his official position, that multitudes of the people are led, by him, to speak in the same confused tongue, in a voice of indefinite gradualism, unfortunate for the slave, and alien to God. Though no former President of the Federal government has officially suggested the desirableness of getting rid of slavery, neither has any had the opportunity, such as is now most desperately and persistently offered to President Lincoln, by the slaveholders themselves, to immediately and unconditionally emancipate the enslaved. This is his paramount, urgent duty, which would promote the highest good of the people of the whole country. Let Abolitionists continue, as heretofore, to "cry aloud and spare not," and be not satisfied with anything short of the immediate, entire abolition of slavery. AARON M. POWELL.

PRO-SLAVERY CHURCHES IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, March 17, 1862.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

IN a recent letter to you I expressed my surprise that anti-slavery orthodox people would not, in this city, in this crisis, help sustain a Free Church, although it is Unitarian, at least, so long as all their own Churches are pro-slavery. I now go further. I cannot understand how a Republican—much more an Abolitionist—can support the orthodox Churches in this city any more than they would a professedly *Democratic* or pro-slavery organization under another name than Church. There are, I assure you, no stronger bulwarks of slavery in Washington than its Churches, *under their present pastors*. The latter keep down all anti-slavery impulses in their flocks, especially among the female portion, so that while we are working by lectures, newspapers and conversation to create an emancipation sentiment here, with one hand, we are doing even more with the other to keep it down, by upholding the Churches and ministers of the old pro-slavery dynasty. In Dr. Gurley's Church there are hundreds of Republicans; yet they quietly submit to hear, on exchange, such men as Dr. Fuller of Baltimore—men with only a slight disguise of Unionism—men who abuse and ridicule the President without stint. And in other Churches there are Republicans, who would feel disgraced if found in the rooms of a "Democratic Club," sympathising with and sustaining its speakers and organization. If they cannot coöperate with the anti-slavery Church because of its theology, let them at least be neutral. It is bad faith to their associates to be pulling down on Sundays the work they are all engaged, on other days, in building up. The true course would be for these orthodox Republicans, if they cannot unite with their brethren in Mr. Channing's society, to establish a new one of their own faith true to Freedom, or to revolutionize the present Churches. But a whole year has passed, and it is discouraging to hope for this.

A REPUBLICAN IN EARNEST.

PERSONAL.

William Wells Brown recently delivered several anti-slavery lectures in Poughkeepsie to crowded and deeply interested audiences. His most radical utterances were cheered.

Salmon Brown, son of John Brown of immortal memory, after enlisting a company for the war with the understanding that he should be its Lieutenant, was set aside by the Colonel of the Regiment upon the earnest application of certain pro-slavery officers, who were unwilling to serve with him.

The following paragraph from *The Independent* was doubtless written by Henry Ward Beecher:

"Gen. McClellan has twice given to the nation the most lively emotions of pleasure: once, when some eight months ago he came to Washington; and now, again, when he leaves it. Had he been a tried and proved man, the people would have been less impatient. But having nothing to build their faith upon, when month after month slipped away, and there was no result corresponding with the enormous expense and preparation, it was not in human nature to be unanxious. Silence in a commander is a good quality. But, like all other things, it must be wisely used. In a country where public sentiment constitutes so large an element of government, it must not be ignored. There must be something for men's thoughts to feed on. Every ruler in this land has got to take the people into his confidence. Not to have done it has proved in this case more embarrassing than any amount of information given to the enemy by premature disclosure could have done. Gen. McClellan seems to have forgotten that he was leader of the *People's* army. He has been in sympathy with the army and with the government, but hardly enough with the people. This is apt to be the fault of military men. Their training does not run toward democracy. It is not to be denied that this reserve and patient waiting of our young General brought him to the very verge of disfavor and reproach. But should his success now, in the field, answer at all to the ability which he is supposed to have in organizing and drilling an army, he will reap in over measure a harvest of renown such as rarely falls to the lot of man. Our best wishes go with him."

Messrs. Tiffany & Co. of New York, says *The Tribune*, have just completed a sword, to be presented by citizens of St. Louis to Gen. Fremont. The blade is of the finest Damascus steel, with gilt chasings, on which is inscribed the word "Vero." The scabbard is of heavy silver, finely gilded, elaborately wrought, and altogether probably the finest piece of workmanship of the kind ever got up in this country. The following description may serve to give the reader some idea of this remarkable work of art: The middle band on the scabbard and the termination represent oak leaves; the upper band on the obverse face represents a heavy trophy, casque with plumes waving, battle-axes, spears, and kindred objects. Directly under this is a three-quarter face bust of Gen. Fremont in gold, and inclosed in an oval of diamonds. On each side of the likeness, which is strikingly life-like, is a figure of fame, with a wreath of oak leaves below, and crossing to the opposite side, where they enclose a Roman sword. The chief ornamentation is on the "grip," or hilt. It is all gilt, and of a heavy solid structure. In the back of the grip is a niche, representing a canopy, within which stands a female figure, in frosted silver, representing Liberty, holding in one hand a sword, the point of which rests in the mouth of a dragon. Back of this figure, where the guard laps over the scabbard, is an oval medallion in blue enamel, with the letters "J. C. F." in diamonds. The medallion is supported by two little figures of Fame. On the top of the hilt is a figure of the head of Medusa, also of frosted silver. The guard represents a wreath of oak leaves. Accompanying the sword is a rosewood case, a belt of gold-embroidered Russia leather, with solid silver mountings, and a Major-General's sash. The following is inscribed in German on a silver plate upon the case:

"To the Pathfinder, from the men of the West."

The cost of the sword and accoutrements is $1,000.

IMPORTANT BILL.

MR. ARNOLD of Illinois introduced, in the U. S. House of Representatives, on Monday, the following bill, which was referred to the Committee on Territories:

A BILL *to render Freedom national and Slavery sectional.*

To the end that freedom may be and remain forever the fundamental law of the land, in all places whatever, so far as it lies within the power or depends upon the action of the government of the United States to make it so; therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:

SECTION 1. That slavery and involuntary servitude, in all cases whatsoever, other than in the punishment of crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall hereafter cease and be prohibited forever in all the following places, viz.:

First: In all the territories now existing or hereafter to be formed or acquired in any way.

Second: In all places purchased or to be purchased by the United States, with the assent of the Legislatures of the several States, for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dockyards, and other needful buildings.

Third: In all vessels on the high seas and on the National highways, beyond the territory and jurisdiction of the several States from which or to which the said vessels may be going.

Fourth: In all places whatsoever where the national government is supreme or has exclusive jurisdiction and power.

SEC. 2. That every person now held, or attempted to be held hereafter, as a slave in any of the places above named, is hereby declared to be free, and the right to freedom hereby declared may be asserted in any of the courts of the United States, or of the several States, in behalf of the party or his or her posterity, after any lapse of time, upon the principle that a party once free is always free.

Extract of a letter from an old anti-slavery friend in Chester Co., Pa.

THE present state of things cannot exist forever in our country. The Southern Confederacy will either have to be acknowledged, or an arrangement made with them if they remain in the Union.

Just in proportion as the public mind is educated to freedom, will the arrangement be favorable to the liberation of the slaves, and never in our enterprise was there a more important hour for us to exert ourselves.

Think not the government is at Washington; it is the people that must control.

That which is most appalling and discouraging to me of anything else, is to see so many of our old anti-slavery friends hanging their harps on the willows, and exclaiming, "The war will abolish slavery!" It cannot do it; it is not an anti-slavery instrumentality. It must be the pressure of public sentiment on the government, taking advantage of the circumstances of the rebellion, and preventing any reorganization of the present deranged state of affairs favorable to slavery. Let us sternly demand all that justice requires, and we will certainly be more likely to obtain *something* for thus discharging our duty. God has freedom, perfect freedom, in store for us, if we will only comply with the requisition by which alone it can be granted.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA FREEDMEN.

THE attention of our readers, especially of those in Pennsylvania and States adjacent, is invited to the circular of the Philadelphia "Port Royal Relief Committee." We are pleased to learn that the appeal contained in this circular is meeting a prompt and favorable response, and that already nearly $4,000 have been subscribed in the city of Philadelphia.

We are authorized to say that any money, or pledge of money, sent to J. M. McKim for this object will be gratefully received, and duly acknowledged, unless otherwise ordered, in this paper.

CIRCULAR OF THE PORT ROYAL RELIEF COMMITTEE.

The Permanent Committee appointed by the public meeting held at National Hall in this city, on the 3d inst., to consider the condition of the freed blacks within the lines of the Union forces in South Carolina and elsewhere, have entered upon their duties, and now desire to say a few words to the public on the subject entrusted to them.

The necessities of these people, and their claims upon our sympathy, are set forth by Gen. Sherman, the officer in command at Port Royal, in the following language:

"The helpless condition of the blacks inhabiting the vast area in the occupation of the forces in this command calls for immediate action on the part of a highly favored and philanthropic people. The benevolent of the land are most earnestly appealed to for assistance in relieving their immediate wants. There never was a nobler or more fitting opportunity for the exercise of that practical benevolence for which the Northern people have ever been distinguished."

Edward L. Pierce, the government Agent, resident at Port Royal, in his report to the Secretary of the Treasury, dated February 3d, remarks as follows: "There are some material wants of this territory requiring immediate attention. * * * * On Port Royal Island, and that part of Ladies' near to it, destitution has commenced, and will, unless provision be made, become very great. * * * * On scarcely any (plantation) within this district is there enough (corn) to last beyond April, whereas it is needed till August. On others it will last only two or three weeks, and on some it is entirely exhausted."

It ought also to be stated that many of the blacks are destitute of decent clothing; that having been always dependent upon their white masters for direction and organization in their labor, they require some tutelage to train them to habits of self-support, as well as to elevate their moral and social condition to a degree commensurate with their newly acquired liberties.

It may be further added that there exists an immediate and pressing necessity for the protection of these unsophisticated people from the evils of contact with depraved whites. Painful facts have come to our knowledge showing that the demand for safeguards against dangers from this source is absolutely imperative.

To accomplish these various ends we propose:

First. To supply the destitute among the blacks with clothing to the extent required by necessity and decency.

Second. To send food sufficient to prevent suffering, until the government can restore the supplies of grain and cattle taken off the plantations by the army on its first arrival, or otherwise provide for their sustenance until crops can be raised.

Third. To furnish them with seed and implements, and organize their labor with a view to growing crops for their future support.

Fourth. To teach them the household duties and rudimentary arts of civilized life; and finally to instruct them in the elements of an English education and the simple truths of the Bible divested as much as possible of all sectarian bias.

These are purposes which need no argument to commend them. To the unrequited toil of these poor men and women we are indebted for many of our personal comforts and luxuries. Not to avail ourselves of this opportunity of discharging, in some measure, the obligation, would argue, on our part, great insensibility, if not dereliction to obvious duty.

New York and Boston (with which cities we are in harmonious coöperation) have acted with creditable promptness in this matter, and it behooves us to see that Philadelphia shall not suffer by comparison. Our citizens have ever been noted for their lively interest in all well considered efforts for the benefit of humanity, and this fact leads us to anticipate with confidence a generous response to the present appeal.

All contributions in money for the above object may be sent to E. W. CLARK, Esq., Treasurer, No. 35 South Third Street, or to either of the undersigned members of the Committee. Contributions of Clothing and other articles may be sent to Messrs. COPE BROS., Walnut Street Wharf, or to Messrs. PETER WRIGHT AND SONS, 115 Walnut Street.

STEPHEN COLWELL, 1031 Arch street,
JAMES L. CLAGHORN, 1504 Arch street,
JAMES A. WRIGHT, 115 Walnut street,
BENJAMIN COATES, 127 Market street,
REV. DR. NEWTON, 251 S. 13th street,
REV. J. WHEATON SMITH, 514 S. 10th street,
J. HUNTINGDON JONES, 625 Walnut street,
PHILIP P. RANDOLPH, 321 S. 4th street,
MORDECAI L. DAWSON, 1420 Spruce street,
J. M. MCKIM, 106 N. 10th street,
E. W. CLARK, 35 S. 3d street,
CHARLES RHOADES, 513 Pine street,
FRANCIS R. COPE, No. 1 Walnut street,
L. MONTGOMERY BOND, 53 S. Front street,
ELLIS YARNALL, 518 S. Delaware avenue,
WM. BIDDLE, No. 17 S. 7th street,
WISTAR MORRIS, No. 209 S. 3d street,
M. W. BALDWIN, No. 500 N. Broad street.

Philadelphia, March 17, 1862.

PRO-SLAVERY GROANS.—The Washington correspondent of the New York *Express*—one of the smuttiest of the pro-slavery organs—says:

"Prominent religionists in this city, like prominent politicians, are dropping into the Abolition line, regarding it now as a popular doctrine. Clergymen, heretofore, who carefully eschewed politics, now preach almost exclusively Abolition and Emancipation."

Again:

"Most of the Abolitionists, of *high degree*, attend divine (?) service at the Unitarian church, Rev. Mr. Channing pastor, where they have preached to them, in stirring tones, the duty of amalgamation of the white race with the Indian and the negro—a favorite theme of their reverend minister."

Dreadful, isn't it?

OBITUARY.

DIED, at Byberry, Pa., on Wednesday evening, 19th inst., ROBERT PURVIS, Jr., in the 28th year of his age.

It is with no ordinary emotion that we make this sad announcement. Every way fitted to adorn life, he has been mysteriously called away to the "Spirit Land." To those who knew him, we need not recall his worth; upright, prompt, persevering in business, a long career of usefulness was apparently opening before him. Friendship pays the tribute to his sincerity and truth, to his courteous manners, which rendered his society everywhere welcome, and enabled him to overcome the obstacles of prejudice and caste. A heart-stricken and bereaved family circle mourn the loss of their highest hopes, for he was all that his fond parents could desire—an affectionate and dutiful son, a loving, kind brother, a judicious, trusty counsellor. His death adds to the void which time had scarcely healed for the "loved ones gone before."

"Insatiate archer, could not one suffice?
Thy dart sped thrice,
And thrice our peace was slain." G.

The death of Robert Purvis has not only caused a void, never to be filled, in the hearts of the household to which he was all that could be desired as son and brother; it is a loss to the community, a loss to the race with which he was identified. His excellent principles, his high sense of honor, his energy, perseverance and strict integrity in all his business relations, caused him to be admired and respected by all who knew him; while the healthy, cheerful tone of his mind, and the geniality of his disposition, which never, even during a lingering and painful illness, entirely deserted him, endeared him to many hearts. In the position to which he attained, he has left to his race a bright example of what a truly aspiring soul, a resolute and persevering spirit may accomplish, despite the difficulties and discouragements which beset its path. To him, these difficulties, far from causing him to despond, were but an incentive to more earnest and energetic action. He fought the life-battle bravely and well, and *compelled* the respect which high principles and a courageous self-assertion must ever compel—even from the most prejudiced. To the bereaved hearts which he has left behind, may it be, if not a consolation, at least a pleasing thought, that parents had never greater cause to be proud of their son. His mind was clear and vigorous, and to the last he retained his interest in the all-absorbing topics of the day. He is gone—not dead—only gone for a little while to Him "who giveth His beloved sleep." His end was singularly peaceful and beautiful; he did not fear to die.

Let the hope that we, by so living and so dying, may meet him again, when we, too, have "passed behind the veil," be some consolation to us who knew and loved him so well on earth. E.

GOOD!—We record with great satisfaction the failure of the attempt made in the Senate to add to the bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia a provision for colonizing the emancipated slaves and appropriating for that purpose the sum of $100,000. The Senate being tied, the Vice President settled the matter by his casting vote in the negative.

New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for April is an excellent number. We give a list of the articles: Letter to a Young Contributor, by T. W. Higginson; John Lamar, by the author of "A Story of To-day"; Mountain Pictures (see fourth page of this week's STANDARD), by J. G. Whittier; Individuality, by David A. Wasson; The German Burns, by Bayard Taylor; The Forester; Methods of Study in Natural History, by Agassiz; The Strasburg Clock—(a beautiful poem); Arthur Hugh Clough, by Charles E. Norton; What Shall we Do with Them? by Walter Mitchell; Agnes of Sorrento, by Mrs. Stowe; Exodus—a spirited poem—by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney; Then and Now in the Old Dominion, by Moncure D. Conway; American Civilization, by R. W. Emerson; Compensation—a poem; Jeff Davis's Message in Secret Session, conjecturally reported by H. Biglow; Reviews and Literary Notices.

There are jewels in more than one of these articles that we should like to see sparkling in our pages, if we could only find room for the setting of them. Mr. Higginson's Letter to a Young Contributor is racy and genial, and contains advice which every writer for the press, old or young, should hear and heed. For instance:

"An editor thus shows himself to be but human, and it is well enough to remember this fact, when you approach him. He is not a gloomy despot, no Nemesis or Rhadamanthus, but a bland and virtuous man, exceedingly anxious to secure plenty of good subscribers and contributors, and very ready to perform any acts of kindness not inconsistent with this grand design. Draw near him, therefore, with soft approaches and mild persuasions. Do not treat him like an enemy, and insist on reading your whole manuscript aloud to him with appropriate gestures. His time has some value, if yours has not; and he has therefore educated his eye till it has become microscopic, like a naturalist's, and can classify nine out of ten specimens by one glance at a scale or a feather. Fancy an ambitious echinoderm claiming a private interview with Agassiz, to demonstrate by verbal arguments that he is a mollusk! Besides, do you expect to administer the thing orally to each of the two hundred thousand, more or less, who turn the leaves of the *The Atlantic*? You are writing for the average eye, and must submit to its verdict. 'Do not trouble yourself about the light on your statue; it is the light of the public square which must test its value.'

"Do not despise any honest propitiation, however small, in dealing with your editor. Look to the physical aspect of your manuscript, and prepare your page so neatly that it shall allure instead of repelling. Use good pens, black ink, nice white paper and plenty of it. Do not emulate 'paper-saving Pope,' whose chaotic manuscript of the 'Iliad,' written chiefly on the backs of old letters, still remains in the British Museum. If your document be slovenly, the presumption is that its literary execution is the same, Pope to the contrary notwithstanding. An editor's eye becomes carnal, and is easily attracted by a comely outside. If you really wish to obtain his good will for your production, do not first tax his time for deciphering it, any more than in visiting a millionaire to solicit a loan you would begin by asking him to pay for the hire of the carriage which takes you to his door.

"On the same principle, send your composition in such a shape that it shall not need the slightest literary revision before printing. Many a bright production dies discarded which might have been made thoroughly presentable by a single day's labor of a competent scholar, in shaping, smoothing, dovetailing, and retrenching. The revision seems so slight an affair that the aspirant cannot conceive why there should be so much fuss about it.

'The piece, you think, is incorrect; why, take it;
I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it.'

But to discharge that friendly office no universal genius is salaried; and for intellect in the rough there is no market."

Speaking of style, Mr. Higginson says:

"Human language may be polite and powerless in itself, uplifted with difficulty into expression by the high thoughts it utters, or it may in itself become so saturated with warm life and delicious association that every sentence shall palpitate and thrill with the mere fascination of the syllables. The statue is not more surely included in the block of marble than is all conceivable splendor of utterance in 'Worcester's Unabridged.' And as Ruskin says of painting that it is in the perfection and precision of the instantaneous line that the claim to immortality is made, so it is easy to see that a phrase may outweigh a library. Keats heads the catalogue of things real with 'sun, moon, and passages of Shakspeare'; and Keats himself has left behind him winged wonders of expression which are not surpassed by Shakspeare, or by any one else who ever dared touch the English tongue. There may be phrases which shall be palaces to dwell in, treasure-houses to explore; a single word may be a window from which one may perceive all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them. Oftentimes a word shall speak what accumulated volumes have labored in vain to utter: there may be years of crowded passion in a word, and half a life in a sentence.

"Such being the majesty of the art you seek to practise, you can at least take time and deliberation before dishonoring it."

From Mr. Wasson's paper on Individuality take these lines, happily expressing an important thought:

"Every man, besides the nature which constitutes him man, has, so to speak, another nature, which constitutes him a particular individual. He is not only like all others of his kind, but, at the same time, unlike all others. . . So far as one is representative of absolute humanity, he is a Person; so far as, by an element peculiar to himself, he is contrasted with absolute humanity, he is an Individual. . . Not for a moment must we make this surface nature of equal estimation with the other. It is secondary, *very* secondary, to the pure substance of man. The Person first in order of importance; the Individual next—

'Proximus huic, longo sed proximus intervallo,'—

'next with an exceeding wide remove.' Take from [illegible] Luther all that makes him man, and the rest will not be worth selling to the Jews. Individuality is an accompaniment, an accessory, a red line on the book, a tassel about the field, a copyright on the book. It is like the particular flavors of fruits—of no account but in relation to their saccharine, acid, and other simple elements. It must therefore keep its place, or become an impertinence. If it grow forward, [illegible], and begin to push in between the pure nature and its divine ends, at once it is a meddling Peter, for whom there is no due greeting but 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"

We are grateful to Bayard Taylor for introducing to us "The German Burns." His translations of the Alemannic-German of John Peter Hebel into the spoken English of the common people are admirable. Some of them, at any rate, are so good, that it is difficult to believe that the originals are much better. We must give specimens hereafter.

Mr. Mitchell, in the question, "What shall we do with them?" alludes not to the slaves, but to the rebels. Looking for light on this question, he naturally turns to British precedents; and speaking of the Sepoy Rebellion, he says: "Toward the recaptured rebels there was [illegible] a course for which the only precedent, so far as we know, was furnished by that highly civilized guardian, the Dey of Algiers. These prisoners of war were [illegible] and blood tied to the muzzles of cannon and blown to fragments. The illustrated papers of that most Christian land, which is overcome with the barbarity of sinking old hulks in a channel through which privateers were wont to escape our blockade, furnished effective engravings of the same. Wholesale plunder and devastation of the chief city of the revolt followed. The rebellion was put down, we may say, without any unnecessary tenderness, any womanish weakness for the rebels." If there is a sting in this for some British ears, who can deny that it is deserved. We confess that the British talk of Northern barbarities in the prosecution of the war against the slaveholders' rebellion appears to us to be the most disgusting cant. Mr. Mitchell closes his essay with these striking words:

"But something we have a right to insist on. We have over and above the constitutional right shown [illegible] upon the broad principle of necessity. Slavery has proved itself a nuisance. Just as we say to the owner of a bone-boiling establishment, 'You poison the air; we cannot live here; you must go farther off,' and if a fever break out which can be clearly traced to that source, we say it emphatically: so now slavery having proved itself pestilential, we say, 'March!' We are not disposed, *à la* Staten Island, to burn down our fever-feverish neighbor's house. We will give everybody time to pack up. We will make up a little purse for any specially hard case which the removal may cause. But stay and be plague-stricken we will no longer; nor are we disposed to spend our whole income in burning sulphur, saltpetre, and charcoal to keep out infection. And certainly, when by neglect to pay ground-rent, or other illegality, the owner of our nuisance has *forfeited* his right to stay, no mortal can blame us for taking the strictest and most decisive steps known to the law to remove him."

We shall give our readers an extract hereafter from Mr. Conway's article on the Old Dominion.

The "Biglow Paper" of this number is capital.

BRADBURY'S GOLDEN CHAIN OF SABBATH SCHOOL MELODIES; comprising a great variety of New Music and Hymns, composed and written expressly for the Sabbath School. Together with many of the best of the well known Sabbath School Pieces. By WM. B. BRADBURY, author of "The Jubilee," "Oriola," and many other musical works. New York: Ivison, Phinney & Co.

Mr. Bradbury is widely and favorably known as a [illegible] and composer of sacred music—a teacher especially of children. The present work, though very recently published, has already acquired an extensive popularity. It contains a variety sufficient to meet the general wants of Sunday Schools of almost every religious denomination. In one particular, however, it is deficient; it contains no anti-slavery hymns. The cause of temperance is not overlooked; the "heathen o'er the ocean wave" are not forgotten; "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "The Flag of our Union" hold a prominent place in Mr. Bradbury's pages; but we look in vain for any word of sympathy for the four million American slaves. The missionary piece, "Over the Ocean Wave," contains these lines:

Over the ocean wave, far, far away,
There the poor heathen live, waiting for day;
Groping in ignorance, dark as the night,
No blessed Bible to give them the light.

Here, in this happy land, we have the light
Shining from God's own word, free, pure and bright;
Shall we not send them Bibles to read,
Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?

Does not Mr. Bradbury know that on this side of "the ocean wave," here, "in this happy land," where "we have the light Shining from God's own word, free, pure, and bright," millions of God's immortal children are prohibited by law from reading the Bible, and even from learning to spell the dear names of God and Christ? Could he not afford one little song of sympathy for these down-trodden ones, "the heathen of this Christian country"?* Nothing could furnish a more striking illustration of the utter indifference of the Churches to all the wrongs of the slaves, than is seen in the fact that books like this, containing no word in reprobation of those wrongs, should be generally accepted as lacking no essential thing. We dare say Mr. Bradbury, kind-hearted man, never even thought of the slaves while preparing his book. Let us hope, at least, that he did not *remember* to forget them.

* Vide the Rev. C. C. Jones, long a missionary among the slaves of Georgia.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for April opens with the first chapter in a history of "The War between Freedom and Slavery in Missouri," prepared under the direction of an eminent statesman of the West, himself a prominent actor in the events recorded. This chapter brings the history down to the opening scenes of the rebellion. It is forcibly written. Of the succeeding articles these are the titles: Beaufort, Past, Present and Future, by F. Kidder; The Ante-Norse Discoverers of America, by C. G. Leland; The Spur of Monmouth, by Henry Morford; The Fatal Marriage of Bill the Foundser, by Wm. L. Tiffany; Columbia to Brittania; General Lyon, by Delia L. Colton; Maccaroni and Canvas, by Henry P. Leland; Howe's Cave; Potential Moods; The True Interest of Nations, by C. C. Hazewell; Among the Pines, by Edmund Kirke, Esq.; Southern Aids to the North, by C. G. Leland; The Molly O'Molly Papers; Sketches of Edinburg Literati; The Huguenot Families in America, by Hon. G. P. Disosway; Literary Notices; Editor's Table.

We are glad to observe that this work continues to handle the slavery question without gloves, maintaining that the rebellion should be put down by the removal of its cause.

Mr. Hazewell is a historian of large information, and a lucid writer, but somewhat limping, we fear, in the Scriptures. In the opening of his essay on "The True Interest of Nations," he says: "When Abel asked of Cain, 'Am I not a man and a brother?' the latter, instead of giving him the hug fraternal, did beat him to death." Now that "Cain talked with Abel his brother" before slaying him is indeed affirmed in the record; but we think that the question which Mr. Hazewell puts into Abel's mouth is recorded only in that edition of the Scriptures which contains the texts, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' "In the midst of life we are in death."

The Continental is published in New York by H. Dexter & Co. and Ross and Tousey.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA.—A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. XIV. Reed—Spire. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This volume, like its predecessors, bears the marks of extensive research, varied scholarship, conscientious fidelity to truth, and great power of condensation. It is rich in scientific, historic, literary, political, legal, medical, mechanical, artistic, geographical and biographical information, lucidly and compactly set forth. Among the scientific articles we notice the following: Reptiles, Respiration, Rheumatism, Somnambulism. Among the historic articles we note these: Reformation, Roman Catholic Church, Rome (ancient and modern), Russia, Scotland, Semitic Race and Languages, Slavery, Serf, Socialism. In the department of Biography we observe the following names: Rembrant, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Cardinal Richelieu, Richter, Samuel Rogers, Rosseau, Count Rumford, Savonarola, Schiller, Sir Walter Scott, the Sedgwick Family, Servetus, Shakspeare, Chief Justice Shaw, Shelley, Sheridan, Algernon Sidney, Adam Smith, Gerrit Smith, John Ruskin, John G. Saxe, Victor Schœlcher, Gen. Scott, Catherine Sedgwick, Mrs. Sigourney. The work will be completed in two volumes more.

THE REBELLION RECORD, Part XIV., opens volume III. of this invaluable work. It is prefaced by admirable portraits of Gen. Halleck and Major Winthrop. It brings the record of events, documents, etc., down to the 1st of October. In order to winnow fact from fiction and secure the needful accuracy, the editor must of course keep at some distance, in point of time, from the events which he records. His office is not to write history, but to gather *materials* for history. The *Rebellion Record* embodies all the events and documents needed for a complete history of the war, in all its aspects, as well on the Southern as on the Northern side, and they are all presented without comment. The editor, Frank Moore, has given abundant proofs of conscientious fidelity in the discharge of his duties, and Mr. Putnam (532 Broadway) gives the work a dress which makes it a creditable specimen of American typography.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for March (No. CCXXX.) contains eight articles, viz.: 1. Lord Bacon; 2. The Wesleyan Doctrine of Christian Perfection; 3. Can we have an Art-Gallery? 4. Dr. Stanly and Arius; 5. Schlosser and his Histories; 6. The Reformation and its Results; 7. The American Board; 8. Review of Current Literature. All readable, and worthy the scholarly pages of *The Examiner*. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

THE PULPIT AND ROSTRUM, No. 29, just issued, contains the Oration delivered at the Cooper Institute, Feb. 22, by George Bancroft; also Washington's Farewell Address. E. D. Barker, 134 Grand street.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE has just completed its Seventy-second Volume. It was never more valuable than it is now. Boston: Littell, Son & Co.

Chronicles of the War.

Victories in the Valley of Virginia.

The Union forces are in undisputed possession of Winchester and Strasburg. A portion of Gen. Banks's command, under Gen. Shields, numbering only eight thousand, have fought the combined rebel forces under Gens. Jackson, Smith and Longstreet, and signally defeated them. A preliminary skirmish took place on Saturday afternoon, about a mile and a half from Winchester, on the Strasburg road, between a portion of Gen. Shields's troops and the rebel cavalry, with four pieces of artillery, in which the rebel force was repulsed. It was then ascertained that the rebels were advancing in force, under the impression that Winchester had been entirely evacuated by our troops, and preparations were made to meet them. The great battle took place on Sunday, three or four miles from Winchester, lasting from 10½ in the forenoon until dark, and resulting in the total rout of the rebels, whose strength is put down at fifteen thousand. The rebels threw away everything in their flight, and our cavalry, at last accounts, were in close pursuit. Our losses in the battle amount to from seventy-five to one hundred killed, and two hundred and fifty wounded, while the enemy's losses were much larger—two hundred and twenty-five dead rebels have been counted by one person on the field.

Information received at Washington shows that our army was at Strasburg on Tuesday morning; and a later dispatch, from Gen. Banks to Gen. Shields, dated five miles beyond Strasburg, states that the enemy was still in full flight, with our forces in hot pursuit. Gen. Banks states that the losses of the rebels must have been enormous. They had abandoned wagons along the road filled with dead and dying, the houses on the route were found crowded with wounded and dead, and the dwellings in the towns adjacent to the battle-field of Sunday were also found filled with wounded. Our artillery was making terrible havoc among the enemy in their flight, and the rout, it was believed, would prove one of the most dreadful of the war. The details of these stirring events have not yet come to hand.

More Victories in Florida.

Dispatches have been received at the Navy Department from Com. Dupont, announcing that the "old flag" floats over Fort Marion, at St. Augustine, Fla., and that the town of St. Augustine, and Jacksonville as well, had surrendered without firing a gun. The rebel troops, it appears, evacuated Fort Marion the night before our gunboats appeared. The town authorities of St. Augustine received Commander Rogers, who first landed, in the town hall, and on receiving assurances of protection for loyal citizens, they raised the stars and stripes with their own hands. Fort Marion is the second of the old forts recaptured. It is understood that the Governor of Florida has recommended the entire evacuation of the eastern part of the State by the rebel forces.

Burnside's Operations.

Gen. Burnside is not satisfied with one, two, or three successes, so long as more work remains to be done. Immediately after the capture of Newbern, he started an expedition to Beaufort, which was already cut off from all chance of reinforcement by the rebels. On the approach of our forces the place was evacuated by the rebels. The full reports of the expedition have not been received, but the gratifying fact has been made known that the steamer Nashville was not burnt by the rebels, as at first reported, but was captured by the gunboats of the blockading fleet, as she left Beaufort on the approach of our troops. An expedition which had been sent to Washington, N. C., was returning to Newbern as the transports Peabody and New Brunswick left, and, from the joyful demonstrations made, it is supposed to have been entirely successful.

The Struggle on the Mississippi.

Com. Foote, with his fleet of mortar and gun boats, has been "pegging away" for nearly a fortnight past, at long range, on the fortifications of the enemy upon Island Number Ten. He feels sure of ultimate success though the place is probably the strongest in all Rebeldom. New Madrid, not far below, is occupied by a Union force under Gen. Pope, who only needs means of crossing the river to enable him to coöperate with Com. Foote by attacking the enemy in the rear.

Rebel Barbarities.

Further confirmations of previous statements touching the barbarities practised by the rebels upon the bodies of Union soldiers, buried on the battle-field of Bull Run, have been received. The Lieutenant-Colonel of the 3d New Jersey Regiment, the first regiment of infantry to enter Manassas, has in his possession a skull which he found hanging over a table in a rebel hut, inscribed with the words, "Sic semper tyrannis" and the Virginia coat of arms. He satisfied himself, also, that the slave-driving savages used skulls for ladles, and made pipes of other bones of our slaughtered heroes. Gov. Sprague of Rhode Island has recently returned from the ground which he visited for the purpose of recovering the bodies of officers of Rhode Island Regiments who fell there mortally wounded. The remains of Col. Slocum, together with the Major and Captain of his regiment were found. The old colored man who showed them the spot where they were buried, said that the Georgia regiment had cut the Colonel's head off, and burned his body. The rebels made a mistake and cut off the head of the Major instead of the Colonel. They found all the officers and soldiers buried with their faces downward, an intended disgrace. Mr. Pringle, a highly respectable Scotchman, who resides and owns a farm of two thousand acres near Manassas, also testifies that the heads of our dead were severed from their bodies and carried upon rebel bayonets by his house, and the few of our dead covered over with earth were taken up, and their buttons and clothing torn off.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

The Winchester (Va.) correspondent of *The World*, under date March 13, says: "Horrors will never cease. I witnessed some scenes to-day which impressed me strongly with the civilization of the South. I visited the Medical College in this town where M. D.'s are furnished to the Southern Confederacy. Prominent among the objects in the museum was the body of John Brown, Jr., the integuments taken off and the muscles, veins and arteries all preserved, the top of the cranium sawn off and the lips purposely distorted in disrespect."

An officer of the Potomac army, whose regiment was one of the first that reached Manassas, assures us that he was witness to a fact which we have had stated to us before, namely, that the rebels had burned their dead in their hospitals. The charred remains of a number of poor fellows were found, and as it was thought they might have been those of some of the captured Union soldiers, a close examination was made, when it was ascertained that the remains of the uniforms, the buttons, &c., were those of rebel regiments. This discovery excited much bitterness among our soldiers, especially as the South has been made to ring with charges of barbarity against our advancing army. Dead bodies were also found lying in heaps, some with their hands and feet tied, and one poor fellow excited the commiseration of all who beheld him. His ankles and wrists were tied, and his hands were clasped, as if in prayer before he died. Col. Pinckney of the 66th humanely directed that all the remains of these shamefully used and neglected soldiers should be carefully buried, a duty which our soldiers performed with circumspection. The charred remains were found in the rebel camp More.—*Tribune.*

Summary.

Down with the Yankees.—*N. O. Delta.*

Don't be impatient. You'll find that they will be "down" soon enough, we guess.—*Louisville Journal.*

Years are not the only measures of time. For instance, how far is it from the day when John Quincy Adams was about to be expelled from Congress for free speech, and that day on which the Vice-President of the United States descended from his chair to greet and welcome Wendell Phillips to the Senate Chamber? There has been a very short time indeed, but the distance is not in Wendell Phillips's views of slavery!—*Independent.*

TRIUMPH OF LIBERTY.—The grand lyric of Henry Ware, Jr., beginning:

"Oppression shall not always reign,"

has been reprinted, and set to a beautiful and lively tune, [illegible] first played on the entrance of the Allied forces into Paris. A large number of copies have been [illegible]. It will [illegible] freedom and America.—*Christian Inquirer.*

AMONG THE FAITHLESS.—A correspondent of *The World*, writing from Nashville, Tenn., says:

"Nashville is still down with the sulks. Groups of the disconsolate stand on the corners of the streets and about the hotels, refusing to be comforted—the rebel Rachels!"

The negroes are our only friends as a class. In their friendship there is no exception or limit.'

Yet these are the loyal friends that we thrust out of our camps, and insist upon restoring to bondage."—*Eve. Post.*

A story of the singular adventures of a bank bill is given by the Boston *Transcript* as follows:

"A ten dollar bill of the Old Colony Bank, Plymouth, was brought to this city on Saturday last, as a curiosity. The bill, while in the hands of a person in Bridgewater, was seized by a dog, chewed and swallowed before it could be rescued from him. The animal was at once killed, and the mangled pieces of the bill secured. The gastric juice had acted somewhat on the edges, destroying them, but they were very neatly pasted together, so as to pass current. 'The bill recovered of the bite; the dog it was that died.'"

DOWN A PEG.—Abolitionists have not forgotten that incarnation of pro-slavery impudence and arrogance, the Rev. Henry Slicer, formerly Chaplain of the U. S. Senate, and a member of the Baltimore Methodist Conference. Though professing to be loyal to the United States, his conduct proves that his sympathies, as might be expected, are largely with the rebels. He has heretofore been the very "Thunderer" of Methodism in Maryland, but the Bishop this year put him out of the Presiding Eldership and set him to preaching to a seamen's Bethel, at a salary of $400 a year; while the Rev. Elisha P. Phelps, one of the only two openly avowed supporters in the Conference of the new chapter against man-stealing, was made a Presiding Elder.

LAST WORDS OF A REBEL.—Ben McCulloch, at Sugar Creek, was struck with a minie rifle ball in the left breast—as I am assured by one who says he saw him fall, and after he was taken from the ground—while waving his sword and encouraging his men to stand firm. He died of his wounds about 11 o'clock the same night, though he insisted that he would recover; repeatedly saying with great oaths that he was not born to be killed by a Yankee. A few minutes before he expired his physician assured him he had but a very brief time to live. At this Ben looked up incredulously and saying, "Oh Hell!" turned away his head, and never spoke after. I presume if Ben be really dead, the Southern papers will put some very fine sentiments into his mouth in his closing moments; but the last words I have mentioned are declared to be correct by a prisoner. They are not very elegant nor very dramatic, but quite expressive, and in McCulloch's case decidedly appropriate.—*Cor. Tribune.*

The Express says, in relation to the proposal to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia:

"Lots of Commissioners are to be created with big salaries to appraise negroes in the District, and $300 is set down as the most valuable price of some Sambo, that some white man must sweat with taxes to pay for. The poor hod-carrying Irishman, or the night-baking German, of the North must sweat more and more, night and day, to pay taxes to support $2,000 Commissioners, and to pay for $300 negroes in Washington. Oh Trumpery! O, Moses!"

One hardly knows which to admire, the humor or the humanity of *The Express*. But its anxiety for our Irish and German fellow-citizens may be easily allayed. Let us have no appraisement of the negroes, and then there will be no necessity for Commissioners. How would that suit?—*Tribune.*

Micajah Phillips, a colored man, died recently near Marietta, Ohio, at the great age of 125 years. He went to the West in 1796 with Herman Blennerhasset, as his slave, and continued with him till he died. He went to Ohio soon after, and resided in Harmar, opposite Marietta, for some years. He afterwards went to Watertown, where he resided for over fifty years. Micajah (Cajoe) was the slave of Col. Borrel, of York, Gloucester County, Va. At the death of Col. Borrel he went to his son-in-law, Rev. Mr. Fountain, with whom he lived at the time of the Battle at Yorktown, and was then a waiter in the army. His descriptions of the battle were vivid, and are presumed to be true. There are persons living who have known him for sixty years, who place his age at fully the above. His exact age is not recorded. Micajah could read and write, having been taught by Mrs. Blennerhasset, of whom he always spoke in high terms of respect. He belonged to the Baptist Church, and preached to the colored population of Parkersburg, Va., in early times.

A SHORT SPEECH BY THE PRESIDENT.—A party of Massachusetts gentlemen met in Washington, at the rooms of Hon. Mr. Train, on the 13th inst., to accompany him to the White House, and there witness the presentation of an elegant whip, made by a Massachusetts whip company. Mr. Lincoln received the party in his council chamber, where Secretaries Chase and Stanton were with him, and cordially greeted each one. Mr. Train, holding the whip, made a few remarks and presented it to the President. Receiving the gift, Mr. Lincoln examined it and then remarked:

"I thank you, Mr. Train, for your kindness in presenting me with this truly elegant and highly creditable specimen of the handiwork of the mechanics of your State of Massachusetts, and I beg of you to express my hearty thanks to the donors. It displays a perfection of workmanship which I really wish I had time to acknowledge in more fitting words, and I might then follow your idea that it is suggestive, for it is evidently expected that a good deal of whipping is to be done. But, as we meet here socially, let us not think only of whipping rebels, or of those who seem to think only of whipping negroes, but of those pleasant days which it is to be hoped are in store for us, when, seated behind a good pair of horses, we can crack our whips and drive through a peaceful, happy and prosperous land. With this idea, gentlemen, I must leave you for my business duties."

THE K. G. C.'s.—This mischievous society of traitors, whose intrigues came near, at one time, to precipitate Kentucky into the hands of secessionists, and which doubtless did much to place other States in the hands of rebels, is now "contraband" in Kentucky, the Legislature having passed a law making it a criminal offence, punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary for from one to five years, to belong to any of its lodges. A pamphlet, exposing the secret purposes of the managers of the order, has been published in Kentucky. It has the title, "An authentic exposition of the origin, objects and secret work of the organization known as the Knights of the Golden Circle, published by the United States National Union Club, February, 1862; and entered according to act of Congress, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the District of Kentucky, February 20th, 1862."

The Cincinnati *Gazette*, which has seen a copy of this [illegible] the handle that the Knights of the Golden Circle have adopted to aid the rebel cause. It was found that the great masses of the people of the North were attached to the Union, and could not be moved; but something might be accomplished by getting them excited on the 'abolition' question." Accordingly, "when a person is invited now to join the K. G. C.'s, he is informed that it is a 'mutual protection society, to oppose Abolitionists,' and little by little the candidate is led into the vortex of treason."—*Eve. Post.*

"AN ENGLISH ABOLITIONIST" (?) writes us from Baltimore to state that he is disgusted and alienated by the degradation and oppression of blacks in the free North. He thinks they might better be slaves at the South. To which we answer, 1. *They don't* think so; and their judgment in the premises is to be preferred to that of any amateur. The poorest and wretchedest negro we ever saw was so stupid and blind that he could not see the advantage of having another man the absolute owner of his wife and children, with unquestioned power to sell them into half a dozen different planting States. 2. The oppression of negroes here is a direct consequence of the existence of slavery in our country, and will gradually cease when the cause shall have been removed. No gentleman of any party now abuses a negro unless he be a Democratic candidate or stump orator; and no Abolitionist condemns our Northern oppression of negroes one whit less than he does Southern slavery. It is only the very lowest of our whites that are afraid that they will be degraded to the level of negroes.—*Tribune.*

THE HORRORS OF SLAVERY.—During last Autumn, I am informed by several trustworthy citizens of Arkansas, not less than forty men were shot and hanged in Benton County alone for cherishing hostile sentiments, as it was phrased, toward the South and her institutions. They were generally executed without any form or show of justice—being taken from their houses at the dead hour of night, gagged, and carried away with dreadful mystery. Wives, children, mothers, implored in vain for the doomed. Their prayers and cries were silenced with threats or with force.

The gang, generally disguised, hurried off with their victims, and the next morning a corpse was found hanging to a tree, or with bullet-pierced heart or cloven skull, among the bushes, or by the roadside.

No one asked questions; no one dared to inquire; for often the price of curiosity was death.

Unlimited power was in the hands of a few merciless tyrants, and when their names were mentioned, a shudder ran through the frame of the helpless people, who had no remedy for their accumulated wrongs, no protection from plunder, conflagration, or slaughter.

Such are the blessings slavery vouchsafes; such the benisons the recognition of "Southern Independence" would insure!—*Cor. Tribune.*

PREMATURE BOASTING.—Among the papers found on the Pea Ridge battle-ground was a letter from a Texas captain to his wife, written just before the battle, in which the writer said: "Thank God, dear Mary, we've got the Yankees in a trap at last. They cannot escape us now. We have more than twice as many men as they, and we have a plan to cut them off, and annihilate them. Before a week has past, you will hear of a terrible defeat of the Lincolnites, such an one as will offset to some extent our mortifying surrender at Donelson. We are certain of success, and I hope I will be able to bring five or six Yankee prisoners to Galveston next summer. The Northern men will not fight when they can avoid it; but we intend to make them this time, or cut their throats. The coming battle will free Arkansas and Missouri from the invaders, and we will then march on to St. Louis, and take that Abolition city, and give the oppressed Southerners there an opportunity to be free once more. We hear that we would be welcomed in St. Louis by at least 50,000 people who have long suffered from the tyranny of the mercenary Dutch."

SHADOWS OF JOHN BROWN.—Says a correspondent of *The Times*, writing from Charlestown, Va.: "The table before which John Brown's Judges sat is now used by the Army Telegraph Corps, while the famous jail is occupied by Col. Maltsby, the Provost Marshal. Here I saw a most touching picture. A female contraband had just been brought in; she was almost white. With her were two little children, both under three years. She stood awaiting her fate in an attitude of exquisite grace, her heart wildly throbbing, yet with an air of deep dejection, filled with sorrow and the memories perchance of repeated degradation. One could see by her unstudied grace of attitude and statuesque air that in her blood coursed some of the best white blood in the State, yet she was only a slave, a mere 'chattel.' At Harper's Ferry, the once-famous engine-house in which the old man defied all Virginia, there are now some thirty secession prisoners, a curious change to those who once howled at the Union, because one old man made a mad stroke for the freedom of the slaves. There are now only thirty families left, where there were, a year ago, 5,000 people."

AARON M. POWELL, Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will speak at

NEWCASTLE, N. Y., Saturday, March 29.
CROTON LAKE, N. Y., Sunday, March 30.
CROTON LAKE, N. Y., Monday, March 31.
WEST CHAPAQUA, N. Y., Tuesday, April 1.
MAMARONECK, N.Y., Thursday, April 3.
NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Friday, April 4.
BOONTON, N. J., Tuesday, April 8.
BOONTON, N. J., Wednesday, April 9.
MILBURN, N. J., Friday, April 11.

EDWARD GILBERT,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
NO. 60 WALL STREET,
NEW YORK.

PENNSYLVANIA FEMALE COLLEGE at Perkiomen Bridge, Montgomery Co., Pa.—A chartered college for the liberal education of young women. Conducted upon liberal principles and possessed of every facility for imparting thorough and systematic instruction in all the departments of useful and polite learning, it deserves a generous patronage. Send for a circular containing full particulars. Address, J. W. SUNDERLAND.

Miscellaneous Department.

JOY.

"In Thy Presence is Fulness of Joy."

Joy! Whence art thou? Not of human birth,
Though thine accents be human;
Thou fleetest here and there with restless wing,
Waiting toward Heaven to spring.

I've seen these sporting with the laughing child,
So frolicsome and wild;—
He thought that thou wast his;—but thou wast gone,
And he was left alone.

I saw bright youths in the gay springtide time,
Life's hopeful, glowing prime;—
Thou madest for them all around so fair,
They were not aught else but care.

And much I feared when thou thy flight didst take,
Their very hearts would break;—
But thou hadst given them words of promise sweet,
"Full shortly we shall meet."

* * * * * * *

Thou hoverest soon near one with drooping head,
Weeping his sister dead;—
He sees thee, but for thy heavenly breath,
And sweetness found in death.

And then I saw that bright one faint and dying,
Life's springtide days fast flying;—
But thou didst see his rounded cheek,
And soothed his aching head.

And near him lay spring's freshest, fairest flowers,
That told of coming hours;
Their beauty cheered his wearing pains awhile,
And sweetly did he smile,—

For thou wast near;—no more with flitting wing
Preparing a way to spring;
But with thy Heaven-born sisters, Faith and Love,
To waft his soul above.

Blessed and beautiful! I know thee now
By thine endless calm,
Thou comest from God's own eternal throne,
To mark us as his own!

MARY CARPENTER.

—English Woman's Journal.

GOVERNOR WINTHROP'S JOURNAL.

From The English Woman's Journal.

In the histories, the romances, and the legends of Massachusetts, there appears one name peculiarly representative of the old colonial times—that of Governor Winthrop. If we mistake not, he is alluded to in Nathaniel Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables"; and Winthrop is the typical name of one of the immaculate heroes of the authoress of the "Pilgrim Fathers of New England and the head of the little commonwealth of Massachusetts Bay. "It was a merciful Providence," says his wife's biographer,* that such a man as John Winthrop embarked in the perilous undertaking of planting an English Christian society in the American wilderness. To his eminent piety he added political sagacity, wisdom and moderation in counsel, persuasive eloquence, disinterested devotion to the interests of his people, and with great firmness of character, all which highly fitted him to preside over the new plantation, where peculiar difficulties and trials had to be encountered, and society almost to be formed anew. His gifts as a statesman were indeed such as would have rendered him a most associate of such men as Pryne, Hampden, Cromwell, and others who figured so illustriously in England in the times of the civil wars."

The short sketch of his wife given of Mr. Anderson's book is quite a picture of gentle and tender interest from the love letters which passed between the pair during the time they were separated by the broad Atlantic—a gulf so terrible in those days of small sailing ships, that we wonder how the fond lovers' separations were endured. Margaret Tindal was born about the year 1590, and married to Winthrop when she was twenty-eight years old, he being a Suffolk gentleman, come of an ancient family of good worship and bred at the bar. Winthrop had been twice married, the first time when he was only seventeen years and three months old; but his early domestic history must have been singularly unfortunate, since at the time of his second marriage Margaret Tindal he was about thirty years of age. He had several children, to whom Mrs. Winthrop proved a tender and conscientious stepmother; sons of her own were also born to her—Adam, Stephen, and Deane. In her letters to Winthrop—for most of the details known of her life, there is little to say of her early married years, except in intervals when his legal business called him to London. Her first extant letter was written in November, 1624 or 1625, and the latter was probably written in 1629, during the second visit. They are sent from Suffolk to him in London, and are full of beautiful tenderness and piety:

"MOST DEAR AND LOVING HUSBAND: I cannot express my love to you, as I desire, in these poor, lifeless lines; but I do heartily wish you did see my heart, how true and faithful it is unto you, and how much it desires to be with you to enjoy your sweet comfort of your presence, and those sweet embraces which I cannot perform without you. It makes me to see the want of you, and wish myself with you. I hope you will be satisfied in all our ways by God, who is able to direct us for the best; and so I will wait with patience on Him, who is also faithful to me. I shall not need to write much to you at this time. My brother Gostling can tell you anything by word of mouth. I praise God for you, that you are in health, as you left us, and are glad to hear the same of you and all the rest of our friends at London. My mother and myself remember our love to you, and all the rest. Our children remember their duty to you. And thus, desiring to be remembered in your prayers, I take my leave, and shall ever rest your faithful wife, MARGARET TINDAL. My brother Samuel thinks it is time for me to go to bed; and so I beseech the Lord to keep you in safety, and all with you here. Farewell, my sweet husband."

"Your obedient wife, MARGARET WINTHROP."

"MY MOST SWEET HUSBAND: How dearly welcome thy kind letter was to me, I shall not be able to express. The sweetness of it did much refresh me. What can be more pleasing to a wife than to hear of the welfare of her best beloved? Sure he is pleased with me, and accepts me graciously. I blush to hear myself commended, knowing my own wants. But it is your love that conceives the best, and makes all pleasing to you. I will use that speech to thee that Abigail did to David, I will be a servant to wash the feet of my lord. I will do any service for you that I may please my husband. I confess I cannot do enough for thee, but thou art pleased to accept the will for the deed, and rest contented.

"I have many reasons to make me love thee, whereof I will name two: first, because thou lovest me dearly; secondly, because that thou lovest me. If these two were wanting, all the rest would be eclipsed. But I must leave this discourse, and go about my household affairs. I have a bad housewife to be so long from them; but I must needs borrow a little time to talk with thee, my sweetheart. The term is more than half done. I hope thy business draws on an end. It will be but two or three weeks before I see thee, though they be long ones. God only bring us together in His good time; for which thou shall pray. I thank the Lord, we are all in health. We are very glad to hear so good news of you and Mr. Henry. The Lord make us thankful for all His mercies to us and ours! And thou, with my mother's and my own best love to yourself and all the rest, I shall take my farewell, the Lord keep thee, and shortly let me make haste. Farewell, my good husband. The Lord keep thee! Your obedient wife,

"MARGARET WINTHROP."

From the favorable reports brought to England of the new plantation of Massachusetts Bay, where those who held Puritan tenets might enjoy a liberty of conscience denied to them in England, Winthrop joined "The London Company of Massachusetts Bay," and embarked a considerable amount of money in the concern. When in 1629–30 a considerable emigration took place, more large sums were put into previous ones, he entered with zeal into the undertaking, and "being well known in his own County of Suffolk, and well approved for his piety, liberality, wisdom, and gravity, he was extremely useful in promoting it, and eventually headed it." These emigrants were the sons of education, of large landed estates, and of good family connections. Some of them were allied by marriage to the aristocracy of the country, and among the principal gentry of the County of Suffolk, to which, indeed, they all belonged; while the divines were men of acknowledged abilities and learned in the mother country—University graduates—as Cambridge having been their Alma Mater. At this time Winthrop's income was about £700 a year, equal, says the biographer, to at least £7,000 in our day; he was happy in his domestic relations, and to his talents and condition in life might reasonably aspire to the most honorable and profitable offices in the State. Yet he decided to quit all these actual possible goods, and to emigrate under conditions which we can hardly realize. For Natal or Vancouver's Island are nothing so distant or so unknown as was Massachusetts then.

Until the time of his embarkation for America, Winthrop continued to make frequent journeys to London on business connected with the projected new plantation. He was elected governor before the company started; and having obtained a royal charter which sanctioned the existence of the colony, secured its rights, and authorized the government to be administered within the territory he contemplated embarking in the spring of 1630. To prepare Mrs. Winthrop's mind for leaving England and for going out to plant the New World with civilized and Christian men, was now the strenuous labor of her husband. To a woman dwelling in the pastoral flats of Suffolk it must have seemed a desperate undertaking. He gave her all the information he could on the subject. In a letter to his son John, at Groton, dated October 9th, 1629, he says: "I have sent down all the late news from New England; I would have some of you read it to your mother." He assured her that to better the temporal interests of her and her children was one of the motives which prompted him to engage in this American enterprise. "For my care of thee and thine I will say nothing. The Lord knows my heart that it was one great motive to draw me into this course. The Lord prosper me in it, as I desire the prosperity of thee and thine. For this end I purpose to leave £1,500 with thy friends, if I can sell my lands, which I am now about, but as yet have done nothing."

Mrs. Winthrop was not to sail with him. The reason appears to be, that at the time fixed upon for the son appears to be, that at the time fixed upon for the sailing of the emigrants she would be near her confinement; *and* her husband was to take with his children with him, except his eldest son, John. In the letter from which we have quoted above she therefore sorely needed prospect of this separation, which were not wanting, tender and comforting words, which were not wanting. She says he, in a letter dated January 31, 1630: "I must now begin to prepare thee for our long parting, must now begin to prepare thee for our long parting, which growing every day nearer, I know not how to deal with these my sad apprehensions, for if thou wert as wise and with thee by arguments, for if thou wert as wise and as full of love as a tender woman was, yet it must needs be a patient as ever woman was, yet it must needs be a great trial to thee, and the greater because I am the greatest trial to thee, and the greater because I am the greatest cause of it. That which I must chiefly look at in dear to thee. That which I must chiefly look at in thee for a ground of contentment is thy godliness. If thee for a ground of contentment is thy godliness. If thou be godly, the Lord must show it by thou be godly, the Lord must show it by some the Lord by thy God, thou must show it by some the Lord by thy God, thou must show it by trusting in Him, and resigning thyself quietly to His trusting in Him, and resigning thyself quietly to His power and will, in life and death."

Other letters he wrote her in the same strain, one of which ends, "Farewell, the Lord bless thee and all of which ends, "Farewell, the Lord bless thee and all of thy company! Commend me to all, and to all our thy company! Commend me to all, and to all our good friends and neighbors, and remember Monday, good friends and neighbors, and remember Monday, good friends and neighbors, and remember Monday, Monday, 14, 1630, writing, "Mine only best beloved, I now salute thee from Southampton, where, by the Lord's mercy, we are all safe; but the winds have been such as our ships have not yet put forth. And, good wife, fear not, what shall I say to thee. I am full of matter and affection towards thee, but want time to express it." Again, on the 28th, he writes, "Commend me to all our good friends, and write in my former letter to Mr. Downing, and to all the rest, in the Lord; my dear wife, pray, pray. He is our God and Father; we are in covenant with Him, and He will not cast us off." In another letter from ship board, he says, "Our boys are well and lusty, and have gotten their sea-legs. They lie both with me, and sleep as soundly in a rug (for we use no sheets here) as ever they did at Groton, and so I do myself (I praise God). The wind hath been against us this week and more, but this day it is become fair us this week and more, but this day it is become fair and comfortable, and we are preparing, by God's assistance, to set sail in the morning." The fleet, carrying this little colony, numbered eleven ships, of whom, however, seven were delayed for a time. These, we are, in all, about 700 persons, passengers, and 240 cows, and about sixty horses. The ship which went from Plymouth, carried about 140 persons, and the ship which goes from Bristol carried about eighty persons. And now, my wife and soul, I must take leave to be my last farewell of thee in Old England. It goeth very near to my heart to leave thee; but I know to whom I have committed thee, even to Him who loves thee much better than any husband can love thee. Oh, how it refresheth my heart to think that I shall yet again see thy sweet face in the land of the living—that lovely countenance that I have so much delighted in, and beheld with so great content. I have left behind me those I have taken up as friends, as I could seldom look back to my former happiness; but now, when I shall be at some leisure, I shall not avoid the remembrance of thee, nor the grief for thy absence. Yet I hope we shall meet once more, and then our love we have agreed upon will be some ease to us both. Mondays and Fridays, at five of the clock at night, we shall meet in spirit till we meet in person. Yet, if all these hopes should fail, blessed be our God, that we have assurance we shall meet before Him, where our parting will be but for a moment. Farewell, farewell, I bless you in the name of our Lord Jesus."

His last letter is dated from the *Arbella*, while she lay at anchor off Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, and is dated April 7th:

"MY LOVE, MY JOY, MY FAITHFUL ONE: . . . This is the third letter I have written to thee since I came to Hampton, in reguital of those two I received from thee, which I assure thee were most delight, apprehending so much love and sweet affection in them, as I am never satisfied with reading them over and over, and all the rest, to see whether they proceed from joy, sorrow, or desire, or from that consent of affection, which I always hold with thee, I cannot conceive. But I hope it is from all these, and in a high esteem, as thy love and goodness hath well deserved; but, if it be possible, I shall yet prize thy virtue at a greater rate, and love thee more dearly, if that may be, than ever before. I am sure thou art not short of me in this desire. Let us pray both, that it fail not, and I trust the Lord, in His good time will accomplish our desire. Oh, how loath am I to bid thee farewell! but, since it must be, farewell, my sweet love, farewell, my dear wife, farewell, my children, my life. The Lord bless you all, and grant me to see your faces once again. Come, my dear, take him and let him rest in thine arm, who will ever remain thy faithful husband,

"JOHN WINTHROP."

We must now follow Governor Winthrop to the New World, on the shores of which he landed on the 12th of June, at Salem, where shortly before Endicott had laid the foundations of the first town in Massachusetts. They came upon evil times; in the previous winter disease and death had been raging among the Indians, and many of the natives had died, while many of those still living were weak and sickly. Not altogether liking Salem, the new comers disposed and planted themselves at Charlestown, and at suitable sites adjoining; and from Charlestown, Winthrop early dated his first letter to his wife on July 16th, sent home probably by the first ship which returned to England. He leaves it to the bearer to give her detailed information of the unfortunate state of the colony, and promises that he will write her full particulars in a letter which he is to send to his "brother Downing by some of the last ships." He expects to see her the following spring on the American shores. This letter tells her the sad news of the death of his son Henry (in fact we find that the twenty-third year of his age, whom he had accidentally left behind him at the Isle of Wight, but who came to America in another vessel, and was unfortunately drowned in a small creek on the Charles River on the 2nd of July, the very day on which he landed.

The prevalence of sickness and mortality, which carried off some of the most distinguished of the colonists, and interrupted the survivors in their building operations, at Charlestown was still raging at Salem, which Mrs. Winthrop continued to receive from New England. Winthrop and his children, however, escaped; and as there was reason to believe that this sickness was caused by impure water, and that some diet at sea, he would have her, instead of being discouraged thereby, to take this as a lesson, that on coming out she should be careful to see that a sufficient supply of wholesome food was provided.

Mrs. Winthrop's whole soul was naturally set upon going out to join her husband. She writes thus in May or June, 1631, to her step-son, John, who had been left in England:

"MY DEAR SON: Blessed be our good God, who hath not failed us, but hath given us cause of most unspeakable joy, for the good news which we have heard out of New England. Mr. Winsor had been with me before the letter came to my hands, but brought me no letter. He speaks very well of things there, so as my heart and thoughts are there already. I am not able to express my love to your father, I am now fully persuaded, that it is the place wherein God will have me to serve Him, and therefore I leave it, as for it, that we may be instruments of His glory there. Tells me came very seasonably to me, being possessed with much fear of the evil reports which I heard of the country, and my wife's jealousy. But now I have cast off that, and hope God will turn all to the best. If thou canst but send me over some of the fruits which goeth back, I shall be glad to eat of his company. If thy manifold employments will not suffer thee to write, I pray thee get some of thy friends that would be glad to carry all my company with me. But I will not say any more of this till I hear from thee, how things stand with you. I am sorry I have not time to write to the best council you can. Mr. Wilson is now in London, and promised me to call upon you. He cannot yet persuade his wife to go, for all their pains they have taken in some and fetch her. I marvel what metal she is made of. Sure she will be a stock, or stone, if she can be so hardened, especially in New England. I desire to hear what news my brother Downing hath; for my husband writ but little to me, thinking I should come over so quickly myself. Commend my love to thyself, my daughter, and all the rest of my good friends. I desire the Lord to bless and keep you, and give you grace to walk worthy of Him. Farewell.

MARGARET WINTHROP."

"I received the things you sent down by the carrier this week, and thank my daughter for her pains."

Mrs. Winthrop sailed from England in August, 1631, in the *Lion*. She had for her fellow-passengers her step-son, John, and his wife Mary, and her own four children—Stephen, Dean, Samuel, and Anne. John Eliot, the celebrated apostle of the Massachusetts Indians, was also on board, and other families, consisting in all of about sixty persons. They had plenty of good food, and lost none of their number except two children, one of which was little Anne Winthrop, aged a year and a half, who died after they had been a week at sea. The voyage lasted ten weeks. They reached Natascot on the 2d of November; and on the 3d, the wind being contrary, the vessel dropped at Long Island. Modern readers will remember that here it was that poor Margaret Fuller was drowned, 220 years later. Between Governor Winthrop's wife and the intellectual heroine of New England—what a strange gulf! Such touches of vivid contrast mark the change of nations more sharply than an historical essay.

At Long Island the Winthrop went on shore, and in the evening the Governor came on board, and his band and wife were reunited. The next morning the wind becoming favorable, the ship again set sail, and cast anchor before Boston.

When Mrs. Winthrop landed, the infant colony did its best to show her honor. The ship fired seven cannot shot; the "captains with their companies, in arms, formed a guard to attend them, and honored them with volleys of shot after the firing of their artillery pieces." The people from the adjoining plantation sent abundant stores of provisions, as fat hogs, kids, venison, poultry, geese and partridges, so that the simple resources of gunpowder and coolery could be brought into play with much effect. "The like joy," says her husband, "and manifestations of love had never been seen before in New England. It was a great marvel that so much people and such store of provisions could be gathered together at so few hours' warning." On the 11th of November, a day of thanksgiving was observed at Boston for Mrs. Winthrop's safe arrival, and on the 17th Bradford, the Governor of Plymouth, came to Boston to congratulate her on the occasion. The house two stories high, which had been erected for the first lady in the colony.

Her high position was worthily occupied. "She was, perhaps, well-nigh as useful in a private way as he was in his public and extended sphere. She assisted him and cheered him amidst the difficulties and hardship, and toils and dangers and sacrifice, that had to be encountered amidst the forests of the New World." When jealousy and suspicion occasionally clogged him, as it did on all public men, "he had the comfort to know that in his own home there was one always the same, always true to him, whoever else might be faithless [illegible] sympathy spake, presence and [illegible] body most near: unchanging [illegible] peasant look; the plantation [illegible] cause of God!"

Though brought up in the enjoyment of all the luxuries and elegancies of life that wealth could provide, Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop now denied themselves many of these, which even in the colony they might have had, that they might set before others an example of Christian frugality and moderation, and might exercise a more abundant liberality towards those who were in need. They supplied, almost daily, some of their neighbors with food from their table. "Their house was a harbor for the poor, and no family was more regular than theirs in attendance upon the duties of public worship.

In the theological controversies which shook the colony in its early days she took no part; but her husband was engaged in the proceedings which were entered into against Mrs. Hutchinson and her party, who happened at one time to enjoy popular favor. The story of these commotions is well told in the little book from which this little memoir has been abridged, and to it we refer the reader.

The following note, dated "*Sad* Boston, 1637," during a temporary absence of Winthrop, shows the wife's mingled feelings:

"DEAR IN MY THOUGHTS: I blush to think how much I have neglected the opportunity of presenting my love to you. Sad thoughts possess my spirits, and I cannot resolve them; which makes me sadly to apprehend the sadness of your heart, and the sad troubles among us. Sure I am that all shall work to the best to them that love God, and continue true to their callings. I know that you are not of obscurity, and make His righteousness shine forth as clear as the noon-day. Yet I find in myself an unwillingness and unwillingness to submit to the will of God as I desire. There is a time to plant, and a time to pull up that which is planted, and who can say unto God, What doest thou? He knoweth what is best, and His will be done. But I will write no more. Hoping to see thee to-morrow, my best beloved, and commending myself, and the rest of our friends at Newton, I commit thee to God.

"Your loving wife, MARGARET WINTHROP."

Mrs. Winthrop lived sixteen years after her emigration. She died in 1647 of an epidemic sickness which prevailed among the Indians, English, French, and Dutch alike, in the summer of that year. It first seized its victims by a cold, and was accompanied by a slight fever. Such as were bled and used cooling drinks died; those who were left to nature's watching and cherishing remedies for the most part recovered, and that in a few days. No family quite escaped it, though few died; but among these, "in this sickness, the Governor's wife, daughter of Sir Richard Saltonstall, left this world for a better, being about fifty-six years of age, a woman of singular virtue, prudence, modesty and piety, and especially beloved and honored of all the country." She fell asleep in the Lord, and the regrets of the colony. Her place of [illegible] On the morrow she was carried to the grave amidst the deep sorrow of her husband and family, and universal regrets of the colony. Her place of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]